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A NEW POLITICAL PARTY FOUNDED ON CONSERVATION AND THE SQUARE DEAL: BY THE EDITOR



THE birth in the near future of a new political party, formed by the blending of the progressive elements that have attained such prominence in both the old ones, is now almost a certainty. The majority of the people regard it as the next step in the reform movement; the old-time politicians, even while they affect to sneer at it as impossible, are afraid of it, and show

that fear by wavering uncertainly between the policy which yields sufficiently to public opinion to pass some of the progressive legislation that is most urgently demanded, and the other extreme of uncompromising hostility to everything and everybody which threatens the supremacy of the old order. In spite of the political clamor, there is no dodging the fact that the American people, irrespective of party affiliations, are even now arrayed in two great factions, one of which stands doggedly by the old-time political methods and organizations, hoping that the storm will blow over as other storms have done, while the other is battling for honest government under the direct control of the people, and for the conservation of those natural resources upon which the wealth of the nation depends. The controversy over the probability of Theodore Roosevelt's candidacy in nineteen hundred and twelve, which has raged for the past year, promises to increase within the next few months to such a degree that it must bring about a speedy decision as to whether or not a new organization shall be created for the purpose of supporting him and carrying into effect the reforms which he set going during his former term as President. Indeed, the question of his nomination presupposes the formation of such a party. It has often been said that, were he again to become a candidate, he could make the fight equally well with either the Republican or the Democratic party behind him. This is only partly true, for, were he nominated by either party, the contest would split both to the foundation; for it goes without saying that the progressives, whether Republican or Democratic, would flock to his standard, while the professional politicians and the rep-

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representatives of privileged interests in both parties would fight his election with a desperation of men fighting for their lives.

The commotion created by Mr. Gifford Pinchot's speech before the Roosevelt Club at St. Paul shows how much the politicians dread this issue, just as the strong Roosevelt sentiment throughout the whole country shows how ready the people are to meet it when it comes. Mr. Pinchot's speech was the most direct and forcible utterance upon this subject that we have had yet, for although he said nothing about the formation of a new party and did not even hint at the possibility of Mr. Roosevelt being again a candidate for the Presidency, he stated plainly and vigorously the political creed of the Conservationists in such a way as to bring it directly before the people as the paramount issue of the day. The speech was notable because it contained a clear statement of the principles upon which a new progressive party would inevitably be formed,—principles for which the people have been fighting during the past ten years. More than that, it was a summons to battle; the trumpet blast so long dreaded by those whose dreams have been haunted by the shadow of Theodore Roosevelt. Coming as it did so soon after Mr. Pinchot's conference with Mr. Roosevelt in Europe, and immediately preceding the return of the latter to this country, its significance was unmistakable. People and politicians alike had no difficulty in reading between the lines, and it now remains to be seen whether or not the people are sufficiently in earnest in their support of the reform movement typified by the fight for conservation, to take action. The keenness with which they have watched the battle that has raged in Congress during the whole of President Taft's administration shows how thoroughly public opinion is aroused and, although Congress has yielded sufficiently to put through the greater part of President Taft's legislative programme, it has been done in such a way as to prove that every concession wrung from the political leaders was yielded only through the fear that a worse thing might happen if it were refused. The whole session has been an object lesson upon the difficulty of enacting reform measures in the face of every obstacle known to political jugglery, and even though the progressive element has won the victory with regard to a few specified issues, the situation remains practically the same so far as the domination of legislation by the great business interests is concerned. Trying to put new wine into old bottles is a tedious and thankless job, and the experience of the past eight or ten years has brought home to the people the realization that if we are to have what Mr. Pinchot calls "government by men for human welfare and human progress," we will have to go about it in a more direct way.

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WE ALL know that the familiar political issues which have formed party slogans during campaign after campaign are worn so threadbare that it is difficult to get up a sufficiently convincing platform to carry either party to victory. In the last campaign the difference between Republicans and Democrats lay, not in the issues brought forward, but in the interpretation given to what was practically the same platform. For example, both parties were in favor of controlling and restricting the trusts; both parties wanted the tariff revised and the transportation systems of the country brought under public control; both parties were in favor of guaranteeing bank depositors against loss, the Republicans pledging themselves to establish postal savings banks, while the Democrats favored a bank guarantee law for all banks; both parties favored the restriction of capitalization in public utilities corporations, and both candidates for the Presidency declared themselves in favor of the income tax, the inheritance tax and the enactment of a law which would make the physical valuation of railroads a part of the cost of service upon which rates should be estimated by the railroad commissions. Both platforms sounded well, and both seemed fully to express the will of the people as to the reform legislation needed in the immediate future. The Republican party won its victory upon a reform basis, and then came the usual difficulty when Congress was asked to enact its pledges into laws. It is true that the pressure of public opinion has forced through the greater part of the programme, but at an immense cost of delay, friction and political chicanery. Mr. Pinchot put the truth of the matter into a few words when he said: "Political platforms are not sincere statements of what the leaders of a party really believe, but are forms of words which those leaders think they can get others to believe they believe. The realities of the regular political game lie at present far beneath the surface."

We are approaching an era when the issues upon which a Presidential campaign is based will be entirely different. In fact, we have no more issues, save that of honest government upon a fair and sound business basis,—a government representing the interests of all the people and carried on for the benefit of the whole. The demand for this is nation-wide, and it is the outgrowth of an awakened moral sense as irresistible as that which swept away slavery and prevented the disruption of the Republic. The minor questions that we have been accustomed to consider political issues are but details in this great movement, but until a change is effected in our political methods both parties will still use them as catchwords to delude the voter during the campaign, and will legislate or obstruct legislation at their own pleasure and for their own profit after election.

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IF A new party is to be formed it must represent the whole people, and the only issues upon which it can be formed are conservation and the "square deal," with all that these terms have come to imply. And for such a party the natural leader is Theodore Roosevelt, who, more than any other man alive today, holds the affections of the American people in a firm and lasting grip. He came to the front at the moment when a strong man was needed to crystallize into action the tremendous moral change that is sweeping over the nation, and he had the power to dramatize in his own picturesque personality the growing righteousness of public sentiment, and to focus into a national policy the scattered efforts of individuals and small organizations who were seeking to express the general unrest. He stands before the nation as the man who does things, and the hold he has is made even stronger by the fact that the famous policies of his former administration were, after all, only the policies of the people, which he put into form and, so far as he could, carried into effect. Hampered as he was by the political machine which controlled legislation, the power of public opinion behind him was sufficient to enable him to do more than any President has done since Lincoln. Were he out of the question, the record made during his administration by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and also by the Hon. James R. Garfield, is sufficient in the eyes of the people to give to either of them the leadership of a party pledged to conservation and to honest government. But so long as Theodore Roosevelt is in the political arena, public opinion will regard both these able and disinterested men as his lieutenants rather than his successors. The people know Mr. Roosevelt through and through, and they want him to gather his tried supporters around him as he did before and to continue the work which was so well begun. They want this so much that they are in a temper to break over all party lines in order to make him President, and to back him with a new party that stands for political honesty and straightforward action. That the politicians and the Wall Street interests regard this as a very present menace is shown by their frenzied assertions that insurgency is waning, that public sentiment regarding any particular question lasts only until it finds a new toy to play with, and that Mr. Roosevelt is coming back to meet his Waterloo. Yet for all their uneasiness, they cannot comprehend the new line of cleavage that has been drawn directly across the old party lines, so that the one vital issue now before the nation is: shall the politicians who are out for the spoils remain in power, or shall we declare in favor of the men who are trying to give us a square deal and to conserve the wealth of the country for the benefit of all the people?

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OUR loss of faith in Congress, because of the domination of the special interests over politics, is one of the proofs of the moral awakening which has come to us during the past few years. It is difficult to define this change or to trace it back to any one cause or set of causes. Perhaps Mr. William Allen White comes closest to explaining it when he says: "Morals have not changed, but light is turning upon certain shady transactions, and democracy understands them. It is applying to them not so much a quickened, as an enlightened, conscience. It is not so much a moral awakening that we have had, as a moral enlightenment." The era of exploitation is past; the era of conservation is beginning. The men who seek election to public offices on the strength of promises which are speedily forgotten under the urge of self-interest, are but the product of our former national ideals. That these have changed utterly within the past decade does not mean that they were altogether bad, only that they have outlived their usefulness to the people. Without a period of exploitation this country could hardly have attained to the development of which we are so proud. Strong men were needed to do the work, and they in turn needed strong incentives to make it worth while. Self-interest is the strongest incentive known, and in making the gigantic efforts necessary to develop this big raw country we exalted it to such a degree that success became our national idol. We preached it from our pulpits; we taught it in our schools. So long as a man achieved great success we gave him all the credit and did not inquire too closely as to how he did it. If he seized and appropriated to his own use the natural resources which belonged to the whole people, he also developed them; if he openly bought for a song franchises which gave him control over immensely profitable public utilities, the town or city profited also by the enterprise. The resources seemed inexhaustible; the franchises were chiefly valuable to the man who wanted them, and we freely gave all sorts of privileges without much regard to the consequences. Thus capital gained control over all our affairs, even to legislation, because capital represented the sum of American ambition.

But the temper of the people has changed. Exploitation has reached its limit, and has come face to face with the newly awakened national honesty. The people demand a square deal because they are ready to give it, and they are willing to sacrifice something of their own immediate interests to insure the future welfare of the nation. They demand honesty in public men, because they have a keener appreciation of what honesty means. They value business ability as highly as ever, but they are also growing to value fair play and to demand the application of square and open business methods

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to the administration of all government, whether municipal, state or national. They have had enough of wasting the wealth of the nation that a few men might amass colossal fortunes, and the demand now is to have this national wealth conserved, developed and administered for the good of the people. We have already had a foretaste of how this may be done in the huge reclamation projects that are making the arid lands of the Western deserts available for settlers at the lowest possible cost. It has been a sample of the way in which the Government can, if it chooses, carry on big business enterprises for the benefit of the public. We want more lands thrown open; we want our swamps drained and our watersheds protected; we want to develop and control our own mineral and coal lands, and to preserve our forests for the use of future generations by wise cutting and judicious reboisement. Enterprises like these, in the very nature of things, can be carried on more effectively and more economically by an honest government than by any private organization working for its own profit, for the huge sums of money necessary for development on such a scale are available to the Government at the lowest possible interest, and the result of the work is given to the people at actual cost. In other words, the Government takes and wisely uses the people's money, and hands back to them, in a shape that makes it available for use, the property for which they have paid. The same principle carried through all departments of public affairs means simply the square deal, and that is all the issue needed to form a party strong enough to carry out every reform.

THE record of the past few years proves how little is needed to crystallize public sentiment into the formation of such a party.

We hardly realize how, by one means or another, the people have been steadily tightening their grip upon both state and municipal government, and steadily increasing the scope of direct representation in legislation. The domination of capital reached its zenith between eighteen hundred and ninety-seven and nineteen hundred and three, when laws were enacted, interpreted and administered for the benefit of those who enjoyed special privileges,—such as franchises, public grants and the like,—in the investment of their capital. The boss system was so firmly established that it seemed as if only a revolution could overthrow it, and the great corporations, by furnishing the money which ran the party machines, saw to it that legislation carried out their wishes. Open bribery, both in legislative chambers and at the polls, was a part of the established order of things, and money reigned supreme until the adoption of the secret ballot,—a reform which marked the beginning of the change. Since that time the

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growth of reform has been steady, quiet and unchanging. We hardly realize how much has been done until we read some such summary as that given by Mr. William Allen White in his admirable book.

He says, regarding the growth of fundamental democracy in this country: "Thirty years ago the secret ballot was regarded as a passing craze by professional politicians. Twenty years ago it was a vital issue in nearly every American state. Today the secret ballot is universal in American politics. Ten years ago the direct primary was the subject of an academic discussion in the University of Michigan by a young man named La Follette, of Wisconsin. Now it is in active operation in over two-thirds of our American states, and over half of the American people use the direct primary as a weapon of self-government. Five years ago the recall was a piece of freak legislation in Oregon. Today more American citizens are living under laws giving them the power of recall than were living under the secret ballot when Garfield came to the White House, and many times more people have the power to recall certain public officers today than had the advantages of the direct primary form of party nominations when Theodore Roosevelt came to Washington. The referendum is only five years behind the primary. Prophecy with these facts before one becomes something more than rash guess."

When to this quiet growth all over the country of phase after phase of direct popular government, we add the power of public opinion that lies behind the conservation movement, and remember what has been accomplished since Mr. Pinchot first began to preach conservation in this country and, with the active coöperation of Mr. Roosevelt, to put his doctrine into practice, we realize that the people at last feel the responsibility of power and that they are no longer blinded by ignorance. They are fully aware of most of the abuses that exist. They have been patient under the endless processes of investigation, accusation, recrimination, and all the rest of the clamor raised to obscure the real points at issue. They have watched the tedious legal processes ostensibly tending toward the punishment of such powerful organizations as have grown too bold in their depredations upon the public, and they have seen flurry after flurry of official investigation come up and die down. What they want now is constructive action, not quibbling over the details of who is to blame. The time for such things has gone by, and the time has come to do something. The party of the future will be the party that stands for direct and vigorous action upon the problems that are pressing for solution, and the man who leads it will be the man who typifies these qualities and who has proven abundantly that he has the strength to carry out his convictions.

THE RELATION OF MODERN AMERICAN ART TO THAT OF CHINA AND JAPAN: DEMONSTRATED AT THE RECENT EXHIBITION AT ANN ARBOR: BY WILFRED B. SHAW



OR many years a growing appreciation of Oriental art has been manifest in the West; we have come to see its influence affecting and permeating, little by little, our own perhaps more obvious artistic ideals and infusing a little subtlety into Western art. The interrelation between the really great masters of former times in the Orient, and our modern, perhaps even more particularly American, art forms the keynote of a significant exhibition, which was held during the month of May, nineteen hundred and ten, at Ann Arbor, Michigan. This exhibition, which was of Oriental and American art, formed the official opening of the new Alumni Memorial Hall at the University of Michigan. It was held under the joint auspices of the University and the Ann Arbor Art Association and under the personal direction of Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit, from whose own collection came all the examples of Oriental art and many of the Occidental paintings. Though the exhibition was held in a comparatively small town, there was an average attendance of over twelve hundred each day during the three weeks it was open.

The building which this exhibition opened formally also marks what may be considered a new era in the history of the University of Michigan, which has hitherto paid scant attention to the subject of fine art, and emphasizes as well new possibilities for all universities in the way of popular appreciation of art. Especially significant is the fact that this exhibition was held at the time of the annual May Festival, a series of five concerts given by the Choral Union of Ann Arbor, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago and many soloists of national reputation, attended by thousands of visitors. This new Memorial Hall has been particularly designed as an art building and, because of its simplicity and perfect adaptation for this purpose, has met with the warmest praise from critics.

In this exhibition there were only two examples of Whistler's work, in spite of the fact that Mr. Freer has perhaps the greatest collection of Whistler in the world. Yet this was not entirely to be regretted, since it gave an opportunity for other American artists to emphasize the wide influence upon their own work of the subtle abstraction and profound mastery of design of the great Oriental leaders of art. These modern Americans were represented at the exhibition by a carefully selected series of paintings from the Mon-



From the Collection of Chas. L. Freer, Detroit.

"MOUNTAINS AND PINE TREES":
FROM A SCREEN BY VEITOKU.



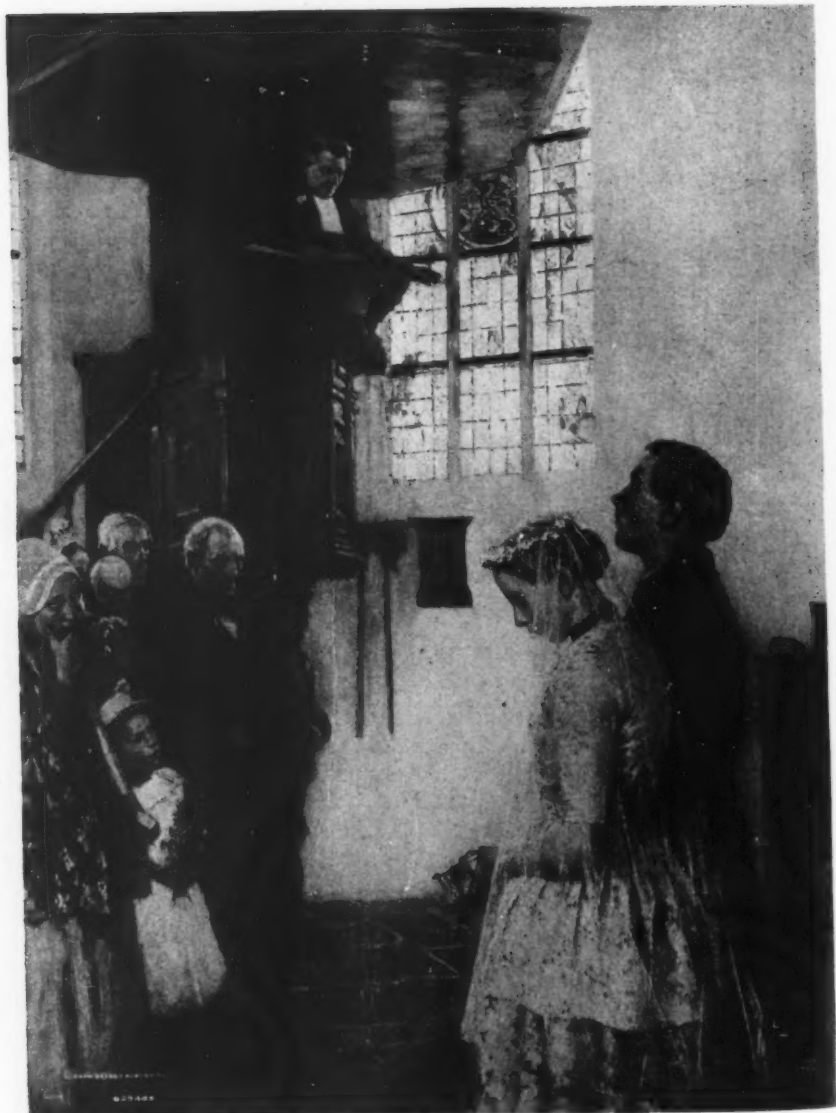
From the Collection of Chas. L. Freer, Detroit.

"GESE IN A PEARLY MIST OVER THE SEA"; FROM A SCREEN BY OKIO. GARDEN WITH FIGURES: FROM A SCREEN BY NOTAKU.



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"BEFORE SUNRISE—JUNE": FROM
A PAINTING BY D. W. TRYON.



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**"THE WEDDING": FROM A
PAINTING BY GARI MELCHERS.**

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tross Galleries of New York, from the Detroit Art Museum and from many private galleries in Detroit. In addition to these collections an entire floor of the gallery was devoted to the work of various Michigan artists, among them, F. S. Church, E. L. Couse, Miss L. Crapo Smith, Leon and T. Scott Dabo, Julius Rolshoven and Myron Barlow. One gallery on this floor was given up exclusively to the work of Gari Melchers, formerly of Detroit. It was said to be the largest collection of Mr. Melchers' work that has ever been exhibited and was of widespread interest, not only to the people of Mr. Melchers' own State but to the visitors from all over the country.

But in spite of the very genuine local appreciation of the work of the Michigan artists, the vital interest of this exhibition was centered in the galleries of the second floor, where perhaps for the first time the principles for which Mr. Freer has stood so consistently and so effectively for years were made clear to the public,—in other words, the feeling of the vital relation between the older Oriental art and the American art of today.

Mr. Freer has long been vitally interested in the very intimate relationship of Eastern and American art, and his vast collections of Oriental and Occidental art all bear upon this most interesting and significant intimacy of expression, an appreciation of which first came to him from Whistler's work. A careful study of the art of this great American brought to Mr. Freer the conviction that the source of the inspiration for his work was identical with that of the greatest of the Japanese artists. Although Whistler did not study either Chinese or Japanese art, his work proves his sympathy with the Oriental point of view in art. Mr. Freer feels that it would be impossible to say that Whistler was influenced by Oriental art, but that his work was identical in subtlety of expression and technical excellence there can be no doubt. It was Mr. Freer's interest in Whistler's closeness to Oriental inspiration which resulted in the forming of his great Whistler collection of paintings, sketches and prints.

THE paintings by the early masters of the Japanese school shown in this exhibition were almost entirely upon screens which were placed about the walls of the main gallery of the second floor. The effect of this magnificent room, over one hundred feet long, with the soft yellowish brown of the burlap on its walls and of its noiseless cork floor, relieved by a dull solid green in the woodwork, was thoroughly satisfying as a desirable background for the dull splendor and the exquisite delicacy of the golden screens displayed upon its walls. When flooded with the soft and equable glow of the evening illumination, and in a setting which brought them into some relation

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to their architectural environment, the true richness of these paintings could in some part be realized by us, even though far removed from the sources of their inspiration.

Many of the artists of the great Japanese schools were represented, though the paintings included in the larger portion of the exhibit fell within the Kano school with examples of the two manners into which it was divided, one characterized by rapidity of execution and simplicity of material, the other by an ever-increasing richness in design and material. Of the earlier Yamato and Tosa schools there was but one example by a late representative, a pair of six-paneled screens by Mitsuoki, who lived in the seventeenth century.

Perhaps no screen in the whole collection attracted more attention and sympathetic study than one by the later master Okio, founder of the Shijo school,—two geese, in themselves wonderfully rendered, flying out into the pearly mist over the sea, just where the curling waves breaking on the beach below could be divined rather than discerned, recalling irresistibly Whistler's infinite refinements in atmospheric effects. Hokusai, the last of the great Japanese masters, was represented by a landscape, a view of the island Enoshima.

A leap through the centuries from ancient Japanese masters to modern American art calls for some mental effort as well as sympathy, but the relationship was there for those who sought it. Yet, although pervasive, this influence of old Japan has resulted in no obvious reproduction of Japanese thought and methods of expression. Our modern art has at base too much of a message of its own for that. Naturally, the school of modern American art best represented was that which comes closest to the spirit of the Japanese. Therefore many of the pictures in the exhibition belonged to the so-called impressionistic school, Childe Hassam, Willard Metcalf, Thomas W. Dewing, Robert Reid, and of a somewhat older generation, Dwight W. Tryon and J. Alden Weir. The relationship between East and West, however, was not always as obvious as it was in the Whistlers or the Dewings; which in a certain way set the key for the exhibition. But an essential and subtle connection, rather in the spirit with which the artist regarded his subject and his work, than in any striking similarity in result, was everywhere evident.

FOR with Japanese art the purpose was not always implicit in the picture; it lay rather in refinement of expression, often an echo of a more obvious beauty in the subject, in exquisite harmonies and variations of color scheme, in drawing and what we know as composition, attempting to solve problems which they and their masters, the Chinese, recognized long before the possibility of

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such an attitude toward art was thought of by our painters. Nevertheless, as many of the pictures, notably those loaned by Mr. Freer and the Montross Galleries, gave evidence, there is dawning an appreciation of a truer harmony between the beauty which lies in the subject and that harmony of the language in which the subject is presented. This conception frankly recognized, though in varying degrees, in much of our modern art, was quite foreign to most of our earlier painters, although occasionally they were incorrigible craftsmen enough to arrive at approximately the same end without knowing it, or at least without making a cult of it.

Whistler, whose attitude toward art was confirmed rather than inspired by the Japanese, was represented in the exhibition by two characteristic pictures. His "Study in Blue and Silver—Trouville," a bit of beach, the blue summer sea, with a silver sail or two under masses of bright clouds shining in a soft translucency of shimmering grays and violets, and his view of "Trafalgar Square, Chelsea," a nocturne where infinitely subtle gradation of tones in the buildings, revealed through the night, with a slender tracery of trees growing out of the iridescent mist, brought one again to the shadowless composition of the Oriental masterpieces in the big gallery,—the color schemes of the pines upon the hillside of Yeitoku or the delicate floral designs on tea bowls and incense boxes of Kenzan and Koyetzu.

Four examples by Dewing were shown, a "Portrait in Blue," from the Freer collection, a "Portrait in White," as exquisitely delicate in technique as in subject, full of a sentiment of which the Japanese never dreamed, a wistfulness in the slender figure subtly echoed in the very simplicity of the composition, and the tenderest gradations of white to pink and lavender, which made the picture one of the most lovely in the exhibition. Tryon was represented by a series of exquisite canvases, two of which, "Autumn Morning" and "Twilight," were loaned by the National Gallery of Art (Freer collection). Two pictures by Willard L. Metcalf were shown. His "Unfolding Buds" was a charming pastoral, vigorous and direct, yet exquisitely delicate in its values, while his "Green Canopy" was hardly less successful in its treatment of sunlight filtering through the dense foliage of a young forest.

Childe Hassam exhibited three pictures, one, "The Chinese Merchants," from the Freer collection, the other two, "Sundown—Newport" and "North Shore, Moonlight," loaned by the artist. Of these the first attracted special attention. It showed only a flat panoramic view of one side of the street in a Western Chinatown, empty shop fronts relieved only by the figures of three or four lounging Orientals. Upon this slender foundation, however, the artist built

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a marvelously brilliant yet delicate color symphony, with the pale blue of the principal shop, relieved by surrounding touches of warm, yet delicate red, emphasized by the brilliancy of an occasional Chinese sign.

FROM the Freer collection came one canvas by the great Twachtman, "Drying Sails." Two other representatives of the more impressionistic school were J. Alden Weir, whose "Return of the Fishing Party," a modern variation of a theme upon which Watteau so often played, and a hillside landscape in green were included, while Edward W. Redfield, whose work has come to have a new interest since the recent purchase of one of his canvases by the French Government, was represented by one characteristic landscape, "The Brook in Winter." Two pictures by Eduard Steichen were included, "Moonlight on Lake George" and his "Garden at Voulangis," while Alexander Schilling was represented by a "Moonlight."

Of the older generation of American artists Inness was represented by a glowing canvas, "Autumn by the Sea," Winslow Homer by a characteristic picture, "Early Evening," two figures on a cliff sharply outlined in the fading light, boldly painted, yet full of sentiment and atmosphere, and William M. Chase by one small canvas, "Summer Sunshine." Albert P. Ryder, in his small picture entitled "The Horseman," again recalled the brilliant depths of some of the Japanese lacquerers by a curious opalescent glow in his sky, over the sharp edge of the dark hillside, beneath which a dim figure of a rider might be discerned. One of the most striking in its color and brilliant technique was Horatio Walker's "Circe and the Friends of Ulysses." In this the artist departed somewhat from his usual models in the life of the little Canadian farm community, which he is accustomed to treat somewhat in the spirit of Millet.

This collection, together with all the pictures in Mr. Freer's possession by other American artists, including Tryon, Dewing, Abbott Thayer and Childe Hassam; all his examples of the masters of the old Chinese and Japanese schools, unrivaled certainly outside of Japan, his collection of Chinese and Japanese, Egyptian, Persian, Mesopotamian, and Babylonian pottery, and the famous Peacock Room in which it has been kept in his own home in Detroit—have been deeded to the Smithsonian Institution and will eventually become the possession of the National Gallery of Art to form a unique collection, never to be altered, illustrating the development through many centuries of what is speedily coming to be recognized as one of the most significant schools of art the world has ever known.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT QUIMPER: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



CIRQUE was in full play on the other side of the river opposite the Hotel of the Sword the day we arrived,—the only French suggestion outside the shop windows in the Breton town. The monotonous gaiety of its hurdygurdy insistently invited the passerby, but it was market-day and the square before the cathedral was full of white-coiffed peasants with their wares, and who could prefer a French *cirque* to a Breton market-day! The *cirque* must have found its patrons, however, for it was still grinding out the lure of its tuneless French tune when we returned some weeks later to the Hotel of the Sword—most peaceful and cheerful of hostleries,—one recalls its very shrimps with sentiment!

Quimper is the city of the Breton's pride. Commercial Brest is larger and more prosperous, but Quimper is beautiful. And in spite of its modern shops and new houses it is preëminently a Breton city.

The things you remember when some distance of time has separated you from a place—how significant they are even in their irrelevance! When I think of Quimper now I see the slow green river that passes through the little city, with leaves drifting almost imperceptibly upon its smooth surface, the masts of distant fishing boats moored by its quiet banks; the absurd *cirque* with the gay streamers floating from the peak of the tent, the gray cathedral with its two towers and spires, the timeworn Gothic carvings upon its portal; the market-place full of white coifs and quaint costumes of gay and sober colors. But most clearly of all I remember the morning we went away in the rain. (It seems to be always raining in "sunny France.") In that short ride down the little street in the ostentatiously clattering omnibus of the Hotel of the Sword we passed a baby's funeral followed on foot in the simple touching fashion of the country, and a wedding party laughing in the rain—on their way from the church to the *mairie*, no doubt,—all the joy and tragedy of life in the small compass of that swift passing by.

Brittany casts a spell over the imagination that is indescribable; the longer you stay the more it winds about you. In France, yet not of it in race, psychology, custom or type, even the quickly moving period in which we live has scarcely altered it. Another generation, whatever changes it may bring, can hardly make it modern or French. In the schools only French is taught, but books are still printed in Breton, also post cards. In the small remote towns French is not even understood, yet it was in the fifteenth century that Anne of Brittany brought her domain under the crown of France. A Celt,—ruddy,

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strong, imaginative, a devout Catholic, yet with his Catholicism strangely bound up with legend and paganism, the Breton is surely a very different being from the Frenchman. And the one discordant note at a Breton Pardon is the Frenchman who has whizzed up from Paris in his motor—and who evidently regards it half-contemptuously as a spectacle—standing about making his incessant French comments aloud, while the peasants about him are kneeling under the open sky in prayer.

ALL the beauty of human faith in religion is impressed upon one at these Breton Pardons. Each town has its own great yearly Pardon, besides a number of smaller ones celebrated on saint's days. Sometimes the pilgrims have to travel a day and night journey in their heavy carts, sleeping on the earth if they cannot afford the price of an inn. It is not only for the forgiveness of his sins that the Breton journeys to the Pardons, but also to obtain especial gifts or blessings. Since each Pardon has some especial character—as the saint it commemorates is believed to have power to bestow some especial favor or heal some particular ill,—a peasant will often travel a far journey to make his petition at the shrine of the saint able to confer the desired benefit. The Pardon at Quimper, which takes place in August, is a unique combination of horse fair and religious festivity. The sale of the horse is concluded with a handshake, presumably a seal of good faith. It is rumored that the agnostic French republic is going to forbid the Pardons. It would seem an unpardonable cruelty, for the little happiness that the poor, hard-worked Breton has in his life comes through his faith and its secular celebrations. There is another side to the question, of course, but it would not seem to apply to Brittany, where monasteries and convents are not excessive in number and where the Breton priest is a veritable father of his flock.

The devout, chanting procession of the Breton Pardon, with its banners and relics, the praying crowd mounting a sacred staircase upon its knees; the group of peasants anointing themselves with the water of some miraculous fountain; the calvaries,—not simple crucifixes, but elaborate monuments of carved stone scattered all over the hills and crossroads; the altar hung with the pathetic gifts of the poor,—all these things speak of a simple yet living faith.

The Breton has not the overflowing gaiety of the Italian—he is more reserved than the Frenchman; but he has his code of kindness and courtesy—a deeper courtesy than the peasants of the north, or of the rest of France, with the exception of Provence. Also he is far less likely to overreach in financial transactions than the Latin. It

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is always distressing to the sincere, interested American to discover that the kindness apparently conveyed in the courteous Continental habit is so often less than skin deep, and that the smile of welcome, especially in France, is quite exclusively of commercial inspiration; yet after crossing the Breton border you realize a difference in this respect. If, for example, in Brittany you turn around after having received a beaming smile from your hostess, you are not likely to find it transformed into a gorgon stare of concentrated curiosity and antagonism as in France.

The beautiful white coifs and ruffs of the women give, too, a dazzling effect of cleanliness—and *effect* of cleanliness is all that can be hoped for on the Continent, where economy in the matter of laundry is practiced to a degree incredible to an American.

ALTHOUGH Quimper is a city, it has not lost its Breton character. In the market-place, through the streets, the peasants dance at their weddings just as they do in the country. It is an all-day affair, a Breton wedding. To the sound of the *binous*, a sort of primitive bagpipe, the wedding party dances down the road, the curious complicated Breton steps—pausing from time to time at a door with a green branch over it—the sign of a tavern—to order cider and cakes. And the Breton cakes are good—no relation to the elaborate and often over-sweet confections of France. The Breton dances are of very ancient origin; some people insist a relic of the Druid rites, but there seems to be no proof of this. It is customary at many fêtes to give prizes to the best dancers—and such a dancer's agility often will be quite incredible. While some of the dances are quiet and dignified in character, the majority of them are rather swift, yet always executed with dignity.

It is at Quimper that the famous Breton faience is made. It is supposed to be an imitation of the old Rouen pottery, and bears a strong resemblance to the Italian Cantigalli ware, being executed in the same colors,—blue and yellow on a white ground. The subjects are birds, flowers, fruit and single figures in the Breton costume—usually a man and woman, sometimes a child. In the factory, which is a modern building with relatively sanitary conditions and an excellent light, old men, young men, women and children are employed. The children, of course, are given the cruder and simpler parts of the work, usually the outlining of the rims with blue and yellow lines. This Breton ware is almost as interesting as the Cantigalli and very much less expensive, the Florentine ware having leaped to the highest prices that exist in the imagination of the commercial Italian since it has been regularly imported to America.

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In the market-place *tout le monde* is buying and selling. All the world is not in its feast-day clothes—these are reserved for fêtes, Pardons, weddings and christenings, but they look very fine to us. What poor, dull, drab little sparrows we must seem to the Bretons with eyes accustomed to their own splendors! Veritable old master costumes, ruffs and wide skirts, coifs of bygone suggestion,—Tudor, Angevin, Stuart, all of them quaint and picturesque, most of them becoming. Beauty, by the way, is not uncommon among the women of Brittany. Two I shall never forget—the beautiful dark-eyed embroiderer of Pont l'Abbé who might have been an Eastern princess, with her grave, sweet, incomparable dignity, and a primitive wooden madonna who served us at table at shrewd Mme. Julia's in Pont Aven. Alas, the princess married a complacent little French *perruquier* who bullied her, and the tranquil madonna, of whom another Breton woman said to me: "Louise is not only beautiful, Mademoiselle,—she is good"—the madonna will marry a peasant who will use her hardly, no doubt, knowing no other way.

On market-day one will always see peasants wearing the coifs of neighboring towns. Some have traveled to the great city of Quimper for the market, having started long before dawn. Others originally from other provinces, have married Quimper youths or are in service there. The Breton never changes the costume of his province and discards it with reluctance and sorrow. One may even see the Breton costumes, a little bedraggled and discouraged, upon the nursemaids sitting in the garden of the Luxembourg in Paris.

THE Quimper coif is smaller and more severe than many of the others, but the women's costumes are charming,—bright blue trimmed with narrow gold braid. The men's are also blue with brass buttons, but the fête-day waistcoat has a broad band of embroidery across the chest. The hat is black beaver, with velvet streamers. Some of the old men still wear the broad brown breeches called *bragoubas*. The children's costumes are suggestive of those of the little Velasquez princesses, with the long, tight-fitting bodice, short full skirt and small skull cap. The girls' cap is finished at the top with a button, the boys' with a tassel.

In the market-place among the darker hues of Quimper and its environs an occasional costume of Pont l'Abbé flashes out like a bird of gorgeous tropical plumage. The prevailing color of these Oriental-looking Bigouden costumes is orange, with touches of red. The small peculiar coif which requires a curious, archaic head-dress is a mixture of tinsel, velvet and orange embroidered linen.

Besides the Bigouden women of Penmarch and Pont l'Abbé in



A SLOW GREEN RIVER PASSES
THROUGH THE LITTLE OLD CITY.
A GLIMPSE OF THE CATHEDRAL
DOWN ONE OF THE OLD STREETS.



"THE BEAUTIFUL, DARK-EYED EMBROIDERER OF FONT L'ABBÉ."

"IN THE MARKET-PLACE THE PEASANTS DANCE AT THEIR WEDDINGS JUST AS THEY DO IN THE COUNTRY."



IT IS AT QUIMPER THAT THE FAMOUS BRETON
FAIENCE IS MADE: OLD MEN, YOUNG MEN, WOMEN
AND CHILDREN ARE ALL EMPLOYED IN THE VARI-
OUS STEPS FROM WHEEL TO DECORATION.



AN OLD WOMAN AT QUIMPER DECORATING A PEASANT SOUP BOWL.



AN ARTIST OF QUIMPER PAINTING FIGURES ON A FAIENCE PLATE.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT QUIMPER

their flaming colors, there are girls from the fishing town of Douarnenez, with their close, dainty lace hoods and long shawls, women of Pont Aven with wonderful wide crimped ruffs and quaint, tall coifs with narrow streamers. The Quimperlè costume is more like that of Pont Aven than of Quimper—indeed, it requires scrutiny to tell the difference between them.

Everything is for sale in the market—cloth, lace, rosaries, beads, flowers, fruit, vegetables, the tough French honey cake and a Breton cake something like a waffle, advertised by a peculiar rattle. Often pigs, calves and sheep are for sale on market-day. It is a barren country and the Breton has a hard fight to make the fruits of the earth repay him. The array he brings to market looks very enticing, but it is picked so green—with an eye to its preservation—that however much one may feast the eye on the primitive baskets of gay-colored fruit, it is difficult to stave off the pangs of hunger in the market-place. This, however, is the usual state of affairs with Continental fruit.

The Bretons from the different provinces are said to have markedly different characteristics. Those of Quimper are described as gay, fastidious, fashionable. They are supposed to look down upon the Bigoudens, their neighbors, because of their tendency to sharpness in a bargain, and because of their strange, heavy, almost Mongolian type.

The effect of the bargaining in a Breton market is, however, very different from that in a French town. The Breton has none of the febrile Latin joy in a bargain, only a well-defined determination to do his duty to himself.

No Breton leaves the market-place without pausing a moment in the cathedral to kneel and pray. The cathedral dates from the thirteenth century. Its interest is mainly exterior, but the groining has the peculiarity of a central rib, common in English cathedrals though unusual in France. The clearstory windows are filled with ancient stained glass. Over the west gable stands an equestrian statue of King Grallo, a mythical king of the province of Cornouaille, of which Quimper became the capital after the vengeance of the Lord had caused the waters of the Baie des Trepassés to rise and cover the wicked city of Is, its ancient capital.

IN A very remote period of childhood I possessed, loved and lost a volume of Breton fairy stories, a heritage from my father's childhood. It was loaned and lost soon after I had acquired the ability to enjoy it without assistance, and out of the collection I only consciously remembered one story, a grim and fearsome tale called "Peronik the Idiot, or the Golden Basin and the Diamond Lance."

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But as I stood on the shores of the Bay of the Dead and was told that the sinful city of Is lay under its placid waters, eerie fragments of a forgotten story in that black and gold volume came back to me. The story of King Grallo and his beautiful wicked daughter. Later I found it in a book.

This is the story: There was a certain good king, Grallo of Cornouaille, who had a beautiful daughter, the Princess Ahes, who scorned the Christian missionaries and worshiped the pagan gods. Sad to relate, the wicked princess had more influence over the people than the good king, so the city grew more and more evil until one night an angel visited Saint Winwaloe in his cell and told him to take horse to Is and warn the king, because God was going to destroy the wicked city. So the saint mounted his horse and rode to Is to find the city engaged in wild orgies of debauch. Winwaloe gave the angel's message,—“The Lord will deliver thee and thee only. Mount thy horse and fly, for I hear the roar of the rising sea!” Then King Grallo mounted his horse to fly, but when he had done so the father's heart yearned toward his daughter, so he hastened to her and told her of the doom that was to overtake the city. The princess refused to go and mocked him, but even as she laughed a great billow leaped over the sand bar up into the city street. Then all was confusion and wild cries, and Grallo seized her and swung her up beside him on his horse, but the saint said to him, “It is not given to thee to save thy daughter.” “I will not escape without her,” replied the king. So the saint and the sinner and the king rode on together, but the ocean was swifter than the flying feet of the horses and the water swirled about their knees (I remember the picture!). “Cast her off,” cried the saint above the roar of the sea, but the king would not cast her off, and the waters kept gaining on them. Then the saint laid his staff upon the clinging arms of the sinner and Ahes fell from the horse into the raging waters. But the king and the saint reached the land just as the last vestige of the wicked city was swallowed by the sea. So King Grallo upon his horse tops the gable of the Quimper cathedral. Thus do religion and legend go hand in hand in Brittany!

AN ADJUSTED VISION: A STORY: BY LAURA S. RABB



RS. BILLY SAUNDERS folded the letter she had just read and placed it very carefully in the thin, square envelope with the foreign postmark; then as carefully removed it and held it, with trembling fingers, toward her husband.

"It's from Becky," she said, in troubled tones; "she's comin' home."

"Comin' home?" said Billy, a trifle blankly; "How can she get leave of absence?" He was looking, not at the letter, but at his wife's face, that bore for the first time since their marriage, which had occurred two years previously, its old harassed look.

"The eight years she agreed to stay when she went as a missionary are up," replied Mrs. Saunders. "My! My!" she said, with a reminiscent look out of the window, past the sunset woods; "It don't seem much longer ago than yesterday that Becky walked into the kitchen an' told me she had decided not to teach school as we'd planned, because the Lord had called her to Africa as a missionary." The remembrance of this disappointment brought a deeper shadow to her face. "Eight years," she mused; "an' here's Becky been married an' left a widow with three little children that I've never saw; an' here's Bud growed up an' married an' happy, though it did seem as if he couldn't stand it when he had to give up gettin' his schoolin'; an' here's me—I wonder how it'll seem to Becky to see her ma married an' havin' everything on earth a woman could want—" The thought of Becky's imminent visit brought her back to the present with a start. "Read the letter, Billy," she said.

Billy unfolded the letter slowly. He had always resented the fact that Becky, his wife's daughter by a former marriage, had coolly sacrificed her younger brother's chance of an education, and her mother's chance of living in comparative comfort with the assistance of her salary as a teacher, for the sake of ministering to heathens who had no desire to be administered to. Becky was, as Billy expressed it, a "far reacher." He read the letter aloud, amusement and quizzical protest gleaming from his eyes as he progressed.

"DEAR MOTHER:

The Lord willing, I shall sail in fifteen days from Mombassa, arriving at home the latter part of August, and leaving there on my return trip the first of October or sooner. I am coming for the purpose of leaving my children with you for the next eight years, beyond which time I have made no plans. Enos is six, Benjamin four, and Harold two. They interfere with my work, especially since the death of my husband, and now that you are married and have plenty

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of means, there is nothing to hinder you devoting your entire time to them. Consequently, after thinking the matter over prayerfully, I have decided upon the above course. It really seems as though your marriage, which seemed to me at the time absurd at your age, was Providentially planned.

Expecting to see you in a short time, I am as ever,
Your dutiful daughter,
Rebecca Scruggs Williams."

Billy folded the letter and handed it to his wife. "If Becky knew how funny she was," he said, smiling broadly, "she'd sell herself to the newspaper for the comic section."

"Well, I must say I can't, for my part, see anything funny about that letter," replied Mrs. Saunders, forlornly.

Billy laughed outright. "It beats any funny sheet I ever read," he responded; then added in a more serious tone: "Becky seems to know, though, what she's about, an' I reckon she ain't found out yet that the time may come when somebody else'll have somethin' to say about what you're goin' to do an' what you ain't. Becky evidently thinks all I was born for was to let myself be punched for a meal ticket, an' that all she's got to do is to lay down the law to all of us."

"She was always like that," Mrs. Saunders admitted, sadly. "From the time she could walk, an' before, if she wanted anything she jest raised Ned till she got it." Her voice lowered and she looked at Billy with diffident confession in her gaze: "I'm ashamed to admit it, Billy, but I'm 'fraid of Becky. Here's Judy goin' to need me worst way come October, but if Becky makes up her mind to go back to the heathen an' leave her youngsters for me to take care of, she'll do it."

Billy looked at his wife with amused tenderness: "Don't you worry about that!" he said, gaily; "you leave Becky to me. I reckon she didn't guess how near she was hittin' the truth when she said your marriage was Providentially planned, but for my part, I don't reckon Providence was just exactly countin' on your takin' care of them children, an' I ain't neither. You're goin' to Judy when she needs you, an' you're goin' to stay there as long as you like, an' if she keeps on lookin' peakid like she does now, you can let Becky keep house an' go any time you want to."

Becky's arrival, at the stated time, was typical of Becky. She extricated herself from her mother's close embrace to say:

"Well, ma, here we are. This is Enos and this is Benjamin. Mr. Saunders—I suppose it is Mr. Saunders; I had really forgotten how he looked—has Harold on his shoulder. Ah! how do you do, Mr. Saunders? Yes, I think mother is looking well; of course, she

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looks worn and old, though. And this is Bud! I'd never have known you, Bud. Judy? Oh, yes, your wife. I'd have been quite willing to excuse you, Judy, under the circumstances; I should hardly have thought you would have considered the railway station a desirable place to come to."

Billy, having heard the tactless remarks, interfered. "Your mother had enough to make her look worn and old after you left her, Becky, but Bud has been such a good son and Judy such a splendid daughter that she feels repaid for all her hardships." As Bud and Judy walked on ahead of them he continued, in a low tone: "Judy made a great effort to go and meet you. She is very far from strong this summer." The imp of mischief that always lurked near Billy's eyes danced in them as he added in assured tones: "It seems almost as though your visit was Providentially planned, you can be so much help to your mother and Judy."

Ordinarily, Becky would not have hesitated to announce that she would have no time for anything except getting herself fitted out for her return to Africa, but there was something in Billy's assurance that compelled at least apparent acquiescence in his view of the matter. There was something, too, in Billy's attitude, although he made Becky and her children royally welcome, that compelled a respectful recognition of his rights as master in the house. But Becky had no hesitation in usurping the rights of her mother and Judy.

Mrs. Saunders would have interfered, but that her old fear of Becky held her in thrall, and Billy would have interfered, but Billy was prone to let matters take their course until an emergency arose, and besides, he did not realize that the three healthy, rollicking youngsters, who Judy so evidently enjoyed and who so worshiped her, were a strain on her too slender store of strength. Nor did Bud realize that his little wife was very slowly, but always bravely and smilingly, slipping away from all those she so dearly loved. But Judy knew. Becky had made no mention to Billy of her intended departure, but as September began to wane Billy decided that it was time for him to apprise Becky of the fact that when she sailed for Africa, little Enos, little Benjamin and little Harold would be personally conducted to the boat by himself. In this, as in other things, however, he waited for the opportune moment, and the last week of September found him still unperturbed. Then he received a shock.

Billy had fallen asleep on the couch in the living room, where he had thrown himself after supper; Mrs. Saunders had gone to visit a sick neighbor; Bud was at the factory doing overtime work; the children were in bed, and Becky and Judy were sitting in the porch swing, just outside of the living-room window.

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Billy woke, and realized gradually that someone outside was sobbing, very softly and very hopelessly. It was Judy's voice, and he listened alarmed, as he realized that she was arguing with Becky.

"But, Becky, what shall I do?" pleaded the voice, brokenly. "Couldn't someone else come in for just a little while to look after the children so mother could stay with me? Not just a week, Becky? Not just one little week?"

"Judy!" remonstrated Becky sharply, "don't be so absurd. One would think no one had ever expected a child but you. I should hardly think it would be necessary for you to have it pointed out to you that my mother's first duty is to her own daughter."

"Becky," said Judy in a frightened, diffident little voice, "did you ever feel sure, before one of your little children came, that you would die?"

"Certainly not!" answered Becky, with cold scorn. "That is nothing but a morbid condition. You give way to your nerves entirely too much, Judy. I hope you won't repeat any such nonsense to my mother, to upset her."

"I never have," said Judy, piteously.

Billy yawned loudly and a moment later appeared on the porch. "Hello, girls!" he said, genially. "What you plottin' out here in the dark?"

"We were discussing the future," said Becky, briskly.

"It's been my experience," said Billy dryly, "that the future is pretty likely to work out all right if we look after the present." His tone grew brighter as he leaned toward Judy: "You come on, little girl, or the buggerman'll get you. It's nine o'clock, and time you was home and in bed."

Judy smiled wanly, comforted, as she always was, by Billy's nearness.

"One would think," said Becky acridly, "that Judy had a mortgage on this family, the way they look after her."

"She's got a mortgage on this member of it, all right," replied Billy, placing his hand under her chin and tilting the thin little face up to the moonlight, "and if some of the balance of the family don't look after her a little better, they'll have me to reckon with."

Becky laughed unpleasantly. "That doesn't speak very well for Bud," she said contemptuously.

"Bud beats you, don't he, Judy?" laughed Billy, turning the matter into a joke, and with that he lifted Judy bodily and carried her down the steps and out to the walk.

"Oh, daddy!" breathed Judy, "I feel so safe with you."

"You *are* safe with me, my girl, and I'm mighty proud that you

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think enough of me to call me daddy." He turned to her suddenly and laid his hand on her shoulder. They were out of sight of the porch, and under the shadow of a great elm. "Judy," he said firmly, "don't you go to botherin' your little head about anything Becky says to you. When I want Becky to run my house and my wife I'll pay her a salary for doin' it. Your mother'd be a heap worse broke up than you would if she couldn't be with you when you need her, an' there ain't never a minute she ain't goin' to be there, if I have to carry her over an' set against the door to keep her inside."

Judy laughed, one of her old-time, trilly little laughs that Billy hadn't heard for weeks. She waved him a gay good-night from the doorway and Billy kept a smile on his face, even in the partial darkness, until she went inside. Then he walked rapidly toward Dr. Yates's house. That one look into Judy's face had shocked him inexpressibly. Never before had it occurred to Billy that she might leave them, and his heart ached as though for an own child.

Dr. Yates rose with a weary sigh to answer his doorbell, but the sigh changed to a smile as he recognized his visitor.

"I've come to see you about Judy, Doc; I think I should have come sooner."

The doctor made a gesture of interest, and Billy made a clean breast of Becky's plans and his counter-plans, repeating also the conversation he had overheard. The doctor sat for some time after Billy had finished, deep in thought; finally he said:

"I'm hopeful that Judy's trouble is only overwrought nerves, but she always seemed such a splendidly poised girl that this seems unlikely. You have Mrs. Saunders go over there tomorrow afternoon and I'll drop in. It's a bad time for a self-appointed representative of Providence to take charge of your household."

Billy smiled in reply. "She hasn't taken charge yet," he retorted. There's one thing, though, Doc, that I must say in justice to Becky. She's honest in thinkin' she's doing the right; she thinks the Lord called her to teach the heathen, an' she'll teach 'em if she has to lariat 'em to make 'em listen to her."

"Pity she couldn't have seen her duty to her mother as clear as that a few years ago," commented the doctor, dryly, as Billy rose to go.

"You understand, Doc, that there's to be no question of cost. If you want to consult with any of the big city guns, get 'em down here."

"If I find that Judy is suffering from more than an attack of nerves, I will probably want her to go to a city hospital," replied the doctor, gravely. "I wish you would come around tomorrow evening and we'll talk it over."

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"I'm afraid you couldn't get her to go," said Billy.

"Not if she thought it was your wife needed to go, and the only way we could get her there would be for her to go too?" asked the doctor.

"Well, by Jove!" responded Billy, admiringly.

The next evening, after a long conference with Doctor Yates, Billy went home and had a talk with Mrs. Saunders, who lent herself to the plan willingly, but with a guilty conscience on Becky's account. "How will Becky take it?" she said fearfully.

"I'll manage Becky," Billy replied; "all you've got to do is to be took with your old side ache when you're at Judy's tomorrow, an' crawl into bed till I get Doc Yates there. He'll tell Judy you'd ought to have treatment at the hospital, an' that you won't go a step without her. His classmate is at the head of one of the biggest hospitals in the city, an' Doc had a telegram from him tonight in answer to one he sent today. He says Judy'd be better off there than any place on earth, an' you could spend your whole time with her. He's goin' on the train ahead of us an' will have everything arranged when we get there."

The next day, Becky was amazed and indignant when her mother did not return from Judy's in time to get supper, but her indignation was changed to anxiety when Billy come over about nine o'clock with the news that Doctor Yates had forbidden Mrs. Saunders to get out of bed until he gave her permission. This was the literal truth, and when Becky hurried over in the morning, she found Judy tenderly brushing her mother's hair. "She's got fever," declared Becky, noting Delia's flushed face, "I think I'd better not stay, for if it is contagious it might interfere with my getting away." Judy's jaw dropped with amazement, then set with firm decision.

At noon Billy went into the house and called Becky. A rather sulky Becky appeared.

"You will have to go to Bud's for dinner," she said, crossly; "I can't get ready to go away and cook at the same time."

"I didn't come for dinner," said Billy, gravely; "I've come to have a talk with you, Becky."

"If you've come to try to dissuade me from going away," flared Becky, "you can save your breath and my time. I've known right from the start that you were against my going back, but I don't expect appreciation of my motives from men of your type. If you object to the children, my mother can take them and live in her own house and Bud and Judy can live with you. You seem perfectly daft about that girl, all of you."

Billy gazed at her so steadily that she dropped her eyes. "I wish

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you'd let me talk a minute," he said, quietly. "I haven't got much to say or long to say it in; your mother and Judy leave for the city at three o'clock, to go into the hospital. Sit down! It ain't your mother, though at first I was goin' to let you think so. That's what Judy believes—that they are goin' so your mother can have treatment for her side, an' that your mother won't go without her. It's Judy, Doc Yates says it's her only chance; she's got a bad heart, an' he says she must have the care of experts or she'll never come through her trial. They'll stay at the hospital a month or six weeks—maybe longer."

All Becky's anxiety was gone. "Do you mean to say," she cried, angrily, "that my mother is going off with that chit just when her own grandchildren need her? Why, I'm going to sail in three weeks."

"We'll be sorry to have you go, Becky. But if you think your duty lies away off in Africa, I'll see that you get off all right, an' I'll take you to New York myself."

"But who will keep the children?" demanded Becky, only half mollified.

"Their own mother!" replied Billy, firmly. "When God gives children to a woman, he trusts her with a responsibility she can't shift onto anybody else, an' in this case, I'm right here to see that it ain't goin' to be shifted. Judy needs your mother right now, an' she's goin' to have her. Your children need you, an' they're goin' to have you, whether it's here or in Africa."

Becky flung her arms wide in defiance. "I'll show you," she said through set teeth. "I'll go over there and tell that minx what I think of her. Bad heart, indeed! It's nothing but a ruse to thwart me in carrying out my plans. Stand out of my way!"

Billy, however, showed no intention of getting out of the way. Instead, he stood with folded arms gazing at Becky through narrowed eyelids, his face slowly growing a dull red with repressed anger, until Becky, frightened at his attitude, flung herself into her room and slammed the door.

Billy gathered together awkwardly the few things his wife had failed to send surreptitiously the night their plan was made, and then he went hesitatingly to Becky's door. He stood there for a moment before he was able to cast off his feeling of anger, but there was nothing save kindness in his voice when he called: "Becky, won't you come over with me an' tell your mother good-bye an' wish little Judy good luck?"

There was no answer; Becky was sitting at a table, writing furiously. She had noted on a letter Billy had held in his hand—a letter he had intended to show her—the name of the hospital to which he

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referred, and her letter, when written, was sealed and addressed to Judy in its care, though she did not mail it that day.

Billy returned from the city a couple of days later, much encouraged. The doctor had assured him that complete rest and freedom from worry would do wonders for Judy, but on the other hand, that the slightest shock might prove fatal.

Becky listened in silence as Billy told her all the details of his stay, and watched him go down the street in search of Bud with a look of grim satisfaction on her face. She did not credit one word of his report as to Judy's condition; that, to her mind, was just a part of the scheme to keep her quiet. She had mailed the night before the letter she had written the day they left, and she knew that Judy would have received it within a few hours after Billy's departure; then they would all know that they had not succeeded in deceiving her.

Nemesis sometimes assumes strange shapes, and Becky's Nemesis assumed the shape of a yellow envelope that a breathless messenger brought to Billy while they were eating supper that evening.

"Two messages in thar, Mr. Saunders. Op'rator said I better hurry, 'cause it was bad news." Billy tore the envelope across. Silently he read one and handed it to Becky, then opened the second. "O, my God!" he groaned, and turned, gazing out of the window with unseeing eyes. Becky having read the first snatched the second and read that as well, her eyes dilated with sickening horror of herself. The first message, signed "Mills," read: "Learn contents of letter and sender, mailed yesterday from Daines' Mill. Only envelope can be found, but contents probably responsible for shock to Mrs. Scruggs. Condition critical; send her husband at once." The second one was signed by Mrs. Saunders, and evidently sent later. It read: "Judy's little girl was born at five o'clock. Judy is dying."

Billy turned just in time to jump forward and catch Becky as she fell. Her unconsciousness was only momentary, however, and when he would have lifted her in her arms she shrank from him. "Don't touch me," she said, harshly; "I killed her."

She silenced Billy with a gesture and rose, steadying herself by the back of a chair. Her voice lost its harsh note and sank to a dead, metallic sound: "I killed her," she reiterated: "I told her I knew all about the plot with Dr. Yates, and if she had any womanliness at all about her she would insist upon coming home, and that if she didn't she must take the consequences."

"But," said Billy, bewildered, "that would hardly account for all this trouble." His voice lightened: "It's likely the letter had nothin' to do with it. I wouldn't take it to heart so, Becky." The expression of suffering in her face had touched Billy.

AN ADJUSTED VISION: A STORY

"That isn't all," Becky continued, monotonously; "I told her the consequences might very likely be such a curse as God sent to a woman in Africa, and I enclosed a hideous picture."

"And you dare to call on His name after that?" The words seemed to be wrung from Billy, but Becky did not hear them; Bud came running up on the porch and into the house. "Billy, here?" he cried, eagerly, and then stood rigid, gazing from one to the other. Billy started toward him, but instinct made him turn to his sister, even though there had been little sympathy between them.

"Is it—Judy?" he whispered.

Becky nodded. "I killed her," she said, dully; "tell him how I killed her, Mr. Saunders."

For answer, Billy put his arm around her and led her gently to her room. "Go in there and pray, Becky; if you never prayed before, pray now, for Judy and Bud and yourself."

"Becky is overwrought," Billy explained to the bewildered Bud. "She wasn't very kind to Judy, and she feels responsible for this."

Bud was sobbing bitterly, but he managed to gasp: "I don't want her to feel that way; tell her I don't. She ain't to blame, but I—can't—stand—it, Billy, I can't stand it."

Billy left him sitting by the table, his face buried in his arms, and went in to Becky. She sat beside the window, the embodiment of grief.

"Becky," Billy said, kindly, "Bud hasn't eaten a bite, and he will be sick if he don't. I'll go up with him on the midnight train, but until then we must forget our troubles to help him. Come out and get him some supper."

"I can't; it would kill me if he spoke gently to me."

"You *must*," said Billy, firmly, "and we never die when we want to. I'm afraid, Becky, that your greatest punishment, if we lose Judy, will be that you must never, never, let your mother or Bud know about that letter. Judy evidently tore it up."

Becky rose and went out, and perhaps for the first time in her life, she thrust all thought of self aside and ministered to Bud, listening to his ravings about Judy, with a knife in her heart, but joining so earnestly in his hope for her recovery that Bud felt comforted. "I'll wire you tomorrow," Billy said at parting.

When the message came, Becky's fingers trembled so she could scarcely open it. "The child is well and beautiful; Judy unconscious."

"The child well and beautiful," Becky whispered again and again. Not once had it occurred to any of them that the child was living, and she knew Billy had worded his telegram so she would understand that her evil deed had not harmed the child.

AN ADJUSTED VISION: A STORY

Meanwhile Judy, in the little hospital bed, was clinging to life by such a slender thread that it seemed as though a breath might snap it, but one morning she opened her eyes and looked at Bud with recognition in their depths, and from that time life came with a rush. Becky, in her thankfulness, wrote letters that brought tears of joy to her mother's eyes and that made Billy bless her under his breath. And he, in turn, sent her after a few days a letter that made life once more seem endurable.

"Judy says to tell you," he wrote, "that she loves you dearly, and that if there is anything to forgive, she forgives you freely. I have told her how you feel, and she says tell you never to think of it again if you can help it, and above all, never speak of it to anyone, herself included. She has named the baby Delia Rebecca."

Becky's mother wrote brief, ill-spelled little notes, and hope grew apace.

Then came a time when Becky's daily letter failed to come; another day passed without a word from her; then Billy got a letter from Doctor Yates, which read:

"Becky has just buried her youngest child. He was taken with membranous croup night before last and she sent Enos for me at once. He died at six o'clock yesterday morning, and although I begged her to let me send for you or her mother, she absolutely refused on the plea that Judy and her child needed Mrs. Saunders and that she would not have either of them worried. She has consented for me to send you this line, but says she will write later in the day as usual and she does not want you under any circumstances to let them know until they are ready to come home. I think, Billy, that we misjudged her; she is the bravest woman I have ever known."

Billy consulted Dr. Mills, who laughed at the idea of Judy and her three-weeks-old baby needing anyone but the nurse and Bud, so he went straight to her mother, and that evening as Becky was preparing the evening meal she saw them coming up the path to the door. In a moment she was in her mother's arms, clinging to her as she had never clung since babyhood. Mrs. Saunders, a great light of mother love in her face, and the happiness that response to it brings shining from her eyes, looked wonderingly at Billy. She thought the presence of death had wrought a miracle, but Billy knew that Becky's vision had been adjusted.

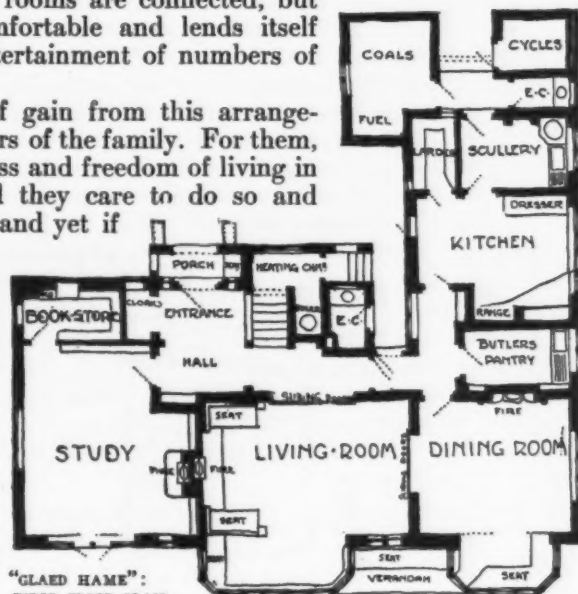
MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER FIVE



IN ONE or two houses already illustrated in this series of articles, notably in "The Homestead" at Chesterfield and in "Hilltop" at Caterham, one of the living rooms is large enough to fulfil any purpose to which it is likely to be put, and there are separate rooms for special uses. But in other houses it becomes necessary to contrive so that some of the space may be used for special occasions as well as for more general purposes. This arrangement is necessary when designing houses which, while they fulfil the requirements and adapt themselves to the lives of their occupants, are strictly limited as to size and cost.

"Glaed Hame" was designed for a man who from time to time would have large social gatherings in his house, but who did not wish to build one room large enough for this purpose. Hence the arrangement whereby dining room, living room and hall can be thrown into one large room at need. The rooms are separated one from another by sliding doors. In one case these doors have wing walls to receive them; in the other, one door slides behind the seat and bookcases which are in the ingle and the second behind the piano. This arrangement is convenient in that it leaves no "temporary" or unfinished look when the three rooms are connected, but is spacious and comfortable and lends itself admirably to the entertainment of numbers of people.

Perhaps the chief gain from this arrangement is to the members of the family. For them, there is the healthiness and freedom of living in a large room should they care to do so and weather be suitable; and yet if separate rooms for specific purposes are wanted, that can be easily managed. For instance, the dining room may be just closed off from the rest of the rooms while meals are being laid, taken and cleared away, so that the smell of food may not pene-



"GLAED HAME":
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

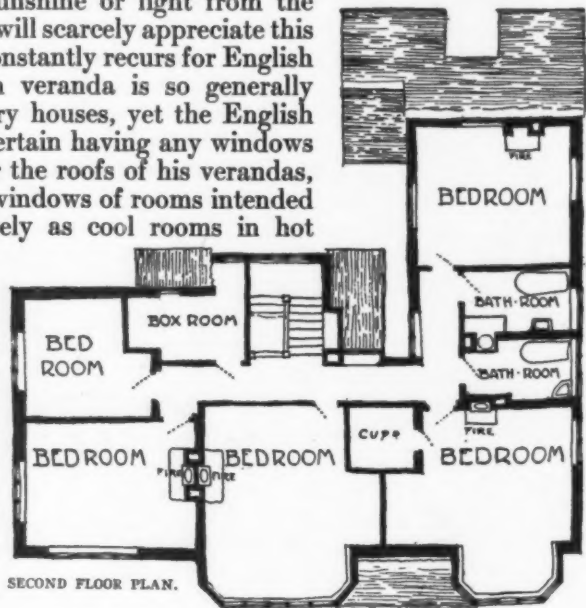
BUILDING IN RELATION TO SITE

trate beyond it. The service from the butler's pantry and kitchen to the dining room may be accomplished without passing through the hall, in order to secure more completely isolation of the kitchen premises and privacy of the hall and living room.

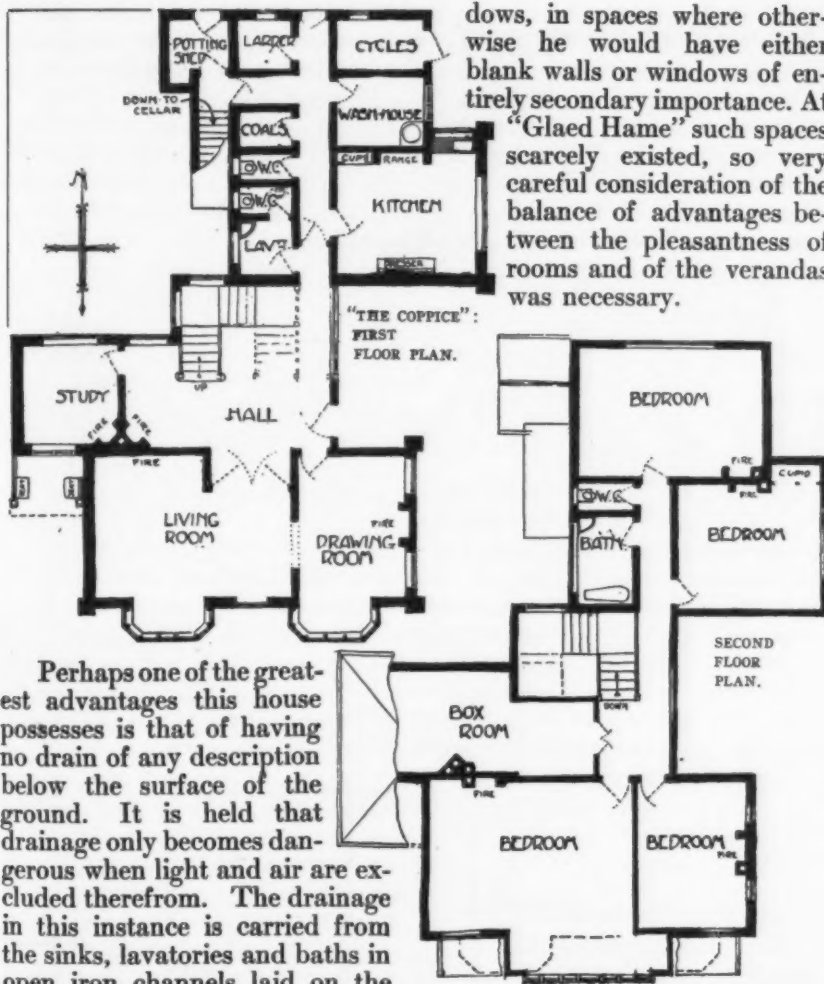
And when does the weather in England make a large room undesirable? Possibly when it is of the very coldest, and in the absence of any heating apparatus to supplement the heat from open fires, a large room (especially when it has in it a staircase leading to rooms above) may be difficult to keep sufficiently warm. At these times it may be pleasant to shut off the hall and staircase.

The large room at "Glaed Hame" has two fireplaces, as have also the halls at "The Homestead" and at "Hilltop." This I believe is unusual in America, but at "Glaed Hame" the heating apparatus is only to supplement, not at all to take the place of open fires.

The site of "Glaed Hame" was perhaps a specially easy one to design a house for. When placed to face due south it would command the best view and also a peep into the glade from which it partly takes its name; while the approach could be from the north, leaving all the pleasanter sides to be occupied by the windows of the principal rooms. Perhaps the chief difficulties arose from the necessity of having a veranda on the south side, where it was most desirable not to lose either sunshine or light from the rooms. Americans will scarcely appreciate this difficulty which so constantly recurs for English architects. A south veranda is so generally wished for in country houses, yet the English architect cannot entertain having any windows of importance under the roofs of his verandas, except they are the windows of rooms intended to be used exclusively as cool rooms in hot weather. He cannot have the windows of general living rooms under the roof of a veranda, because this would impart to such rooms too dismal and depressing a character, so he must contrive to arrange his south verandas between win-



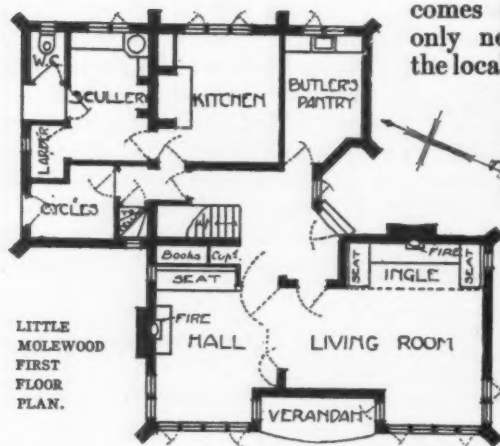
BUILDING IN RELATION TO SITE



dows, in spaces where otherwise he would have either blank walls or windows of entirely secondary importance. At "Glaed Hame" such spaces scarcely existed, so very careful consideration of the balance of advantages between the pleasantness of rooms and of the verandas was necessary.

Perhaps one of the greatest advantages this house possesses is that of having no drain of any description below the surface of the ground. It is held that drainage only becomes dangerous when light and air are excluded therefrom. The drainage in this instance is carried from the sinks, lavatories and baths in open iron channels laid on the surface of the ground to a distance of a few yards from the house, thence in similar but perforated channels, it is distributed in various directions over the surface of the kitchen garden. Through the perforations it percolates into the surface soil, this being facilitated by broken stones laid in shallow trenches under the channels. The result is that the drainage never gets beyond the reach of the benign influence of light and air. The position of the channels can be changed occasionally if the surface soil in their neighborhood be-

BUILDING IN RELATION TO SITE



LITTLE
MOLEWOOD
FIRST
FLOOR
PLAN.

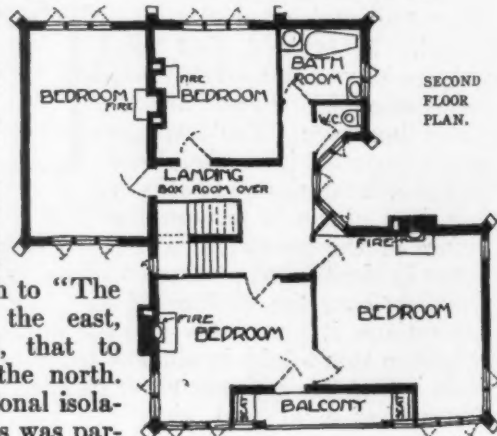
comes too saturated, but this is only necessary because the soil of the locality is rather unusually heavy.

Earth closets are used. I fear such an arrangement for the disposal of drainage is not possible where houses are close together, and that town dwellers must continue to add the risks they run from less sanitary systems to the many other risks to which they are exposed and from which the country dweller is immune. Still, it does seem foolish that many

from choice would subject themselves to the dangers of underground drains who might be free therefrom.

At a little distance from the outside walls at "Glaed Hame" is an open channel of glazed earthenware which receives the rainwater, running into it from the roof by the customary downspouts. From this another channel similarly formed carries the water to a small pond in the garden; so even the rainwater is not allowed any chance of becoming a menace to health in underground drains, but is always open to observation and running in open channels which can be brushed out and cleaned with perfect ease as often as necessary.

It will be seen from the plans of "The Coppice" that the conditions laid down by the site and by the client were similar to those at "Glaed Hame." Both houses, facing south, looked out over a beautiful pastoral landscape. The chief difference between the design is that the approach to "The Coppice" must be from the east, whereas, as I have said, that to "Glaed Hame" is from the north. At "The Coppice" exceptional isolation of the kitchen premises was par-



SECOND
FLOOR
PLAN.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

GLÆD HAME, LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND:
SHOWING SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATIONS.
LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND
STAIRWAY.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

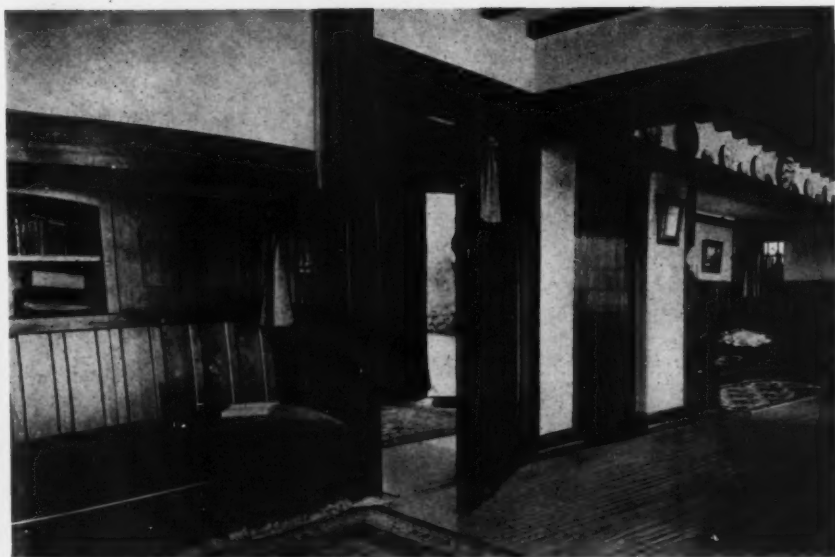
"THE COPPICE," LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND:
SHOWING SOUTH AND WEST ELEVATIONS.
SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATIONS OF THE
SAME DWELLING.



TWO VIEWS OF THE HALL AND STAIR-
WAY IN "THE COPPICE," LETCHWORTH.

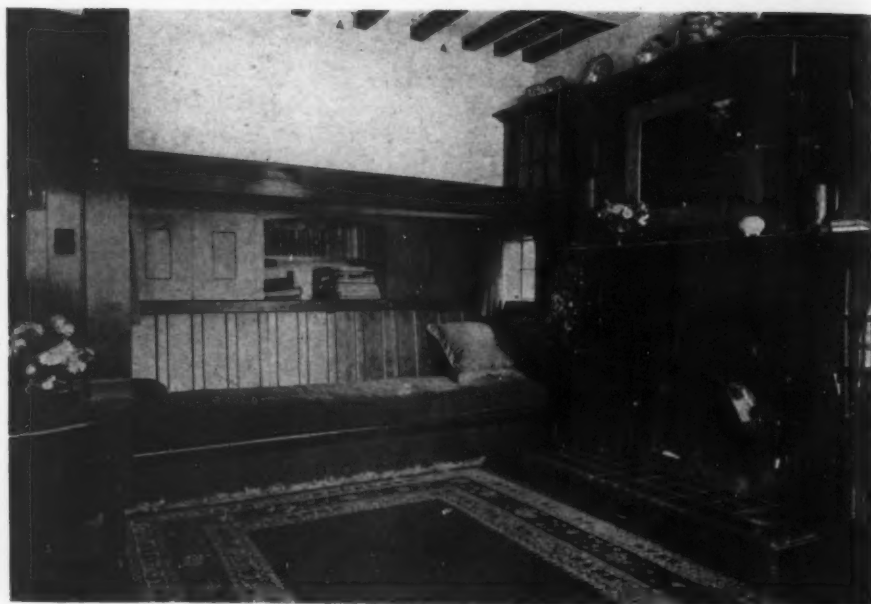


"THE COPPICE": VIEW FROM LIVING ROOM
OUT INTO THE DINING ROOM AND HALL.
CORNER OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING
FIREPLACE.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"LITTLE MOLEWOOD," HERTFORD, ENGLAND:
VIEW OF SOUTHWEST ELEVATION.
LOOKING FROM HALL INTO LIVING ROOM.



SHOWING CHARMING ARRANGEMENT OF
HALL AT LITTLE MOLEWOOD.
LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM INTO HALL.

BUILDING IN RELATION TO SITE

ticularly wished, and a greater distance than is usual in a house of this size between the principal living rooms and the kitchen. It was the wish of the client to be quite out of range of the kitchen sounds and smells, and also that the servants should live more independent lives than they could if in closer proximity.

The most definite determining factor in the plan for "The Coppice" was a charming little wood which occupies the northwest corner of the plot of ground. The right thing obviously was that the house should surround this on two sides, that the owner might enjoy glimpses into the cool recesses of this wood from the windows they would constantly pass or sit near. The difficulty was to secure to the full the charm this wood could give to the whole of the house, at the same time throwing out the principal windows on the south and view side. Nothing in the nature of a generally accepted arrangement for the rooms in a house of this size would have given all we sought. To adopt such would have resulted not only in losing the charms of the wood, but relegating the wood, as it were, to the back regions of the house, and the ground between the wood and the house would necessarily have partaken of the character of a backyard. We tried to gain these peeps into the wood as well as the outlook to the south for the principal rooms, but found this to be impossible except by means of a plan too straggling to be compatible with economy in building, with consideration of the labor involved in the working of the house, and with the dimensions of the plot of ground. So we were obliged to rest contented with windows in the hall and study looking into the wood; we placed one of these windows in the hall where it created vistas from the principal rooms terminating in the wood, and so planned the kitchen wing that the land between the wood and the house did not partake of the character of a backyard but became a little secluded garden enclosed by the house on two sides and the wood on a third.

So it is with an architect's work generally. It resolves itself into balancing advantages, and his critics generally discover advantages he has failed to secure and disregard those alternative ones he has thought greater and therefore preferred to gain.

To return to the points of similarity between the plans of "Glaed Hame" and "The Coppice," Both these houses have a room set aside for taking meals in, but often a more charming effect can be obtained if the dining room is so reduced in dimensions that it becomes a mere dining recess, opening off the living rooms. In many houses this may be done with the advantages of economy and added charm, the disadvantages being that the dining recess is not well adapted to other purposes than that of taking meals, and again there is the in-

TO A MEADOW LARK

convenience to those who serve, and cannot pass all round the table. Such recesses should have seats fixed against the walls, and comfortably contrived for those who sit at the table. It should be possible to lay and clear the table in such a recess, and serve without entering any other part of the living room, just as in the dining room at "Glaed Hame."

In the designs for "Little Molewood" at Hertford, the two principal rooms are divided by large double doors in such a way that at will the two become one; this is fairly clearly shown in the photographs. At "Glaed Hame" and "The Coppice" the dining room is placed where east windows are possible; this brings the morning sun with its cheering effects into the room where breakfast is taken. At "Little Molewood" there is no dining room, but an east window is assigned to the living room.

The site for "Little Molewood" is a long narrow strip taken off the edge of a wood, with a rapid fall in a southerly direction. The approach is from the northern end, so the conditions were not unlike those under which the other two houses here illustrated were built.

An interesting feature is the veranda with a balcony over it contrived on the southern and view side and under the main roof, yet not shading important windows. The balcony is used for outdoor sleeping. None but those who have experienced it can understand the pleasure of sleeping in so airy and yet protected a spot and the resting effects of sleep so enjoyed. I must not here enter upon these important considerations, but the airiest of rooms cannot give them.

TO A MEADOW LARK

BLITHE spirit of the morning mead and skies!
Caught in a web of song the diamond dew
Bedeck thy melody; the rose imbues
Thy rapture with the color of its dyes;
The shade of earth and shine of paradise
Commingled, dances in thy lightest mood;
The loveliness of cloud and stream and wood
Forever mirrored in thy music lies!
So sweet thy song the echoes in the dell
Telling its silvery charms are never mute.
So eager is thy singing, so elate,
Ah, surely like the burning Israfel
The heart of thee is all a living lute
Oh, hark, thou lift'st earth to heaven's gate!

—EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER: A STUDY IN VALUES: BY WALTER A. DYER



ONCE upon a time there was a nobleman who had three sons, and when he felt the burden of years resting heavy upon him, he called them to him and said: "My sons, the time has come when you must go forth to seek your fortunes in the world, for I must soon leave it. I have but a small estate to divide among three, but there is enough so that each of you may start out with a coat on his back and silver in his purse. Each of you may choose his own course, but it will remain for you to prove yourselves worthy of the honorable name that is handed down to you. I have endeavored to teach you wisdom, virtue and prudence, but it will remain for you to decide how you will follow my teachings. For a young man's life is in his own keeping after he comes of age, and the privilege and the responsibility of choosing a career rest with him. Take time to think it over, my sons, and then come to me for my blessing."

Now the eldest son was a man of keen intellect and great virtue. He saw all about him men striving and dying for wealth and fame. He had read much of what the ancient sages had taught of the vanity of the world. So at length he went to his father and said:

"Father, I have chosen my course. I have determined to become a scholar. I like not the world and its vanities; I like not the senseless struggling of men for power; I will withdraw from it and devote my life to the culture of my mind, but I will not be selfish; when I have looked long into the hidden things of life I will become wise, and then I will give to the world of my wisdom, as did the philosophers of old. I will be a good man as well as a wise one. I will live frugally and think loftily. By dwelling in the realm of the ideal I will make myself a great teacher for mankind."

The father nodded. "Thou art a good son," quoth he. "May what thou seekest come to pass. My blessing go with thee."

So the eldest son took his share of the silver and his books, and departed.

The second son was a man of vigor and ambition. He looked about him and saw that some men were great and some small, some rich and some poor, some surrounded with comfort and some with misery, some powerful and some puny, some masters and some servants. Why should a man choose poverty, obscurity and servitude, if wealth and fame and power were to be won? So he went to his father and said:

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER

"Father, I have chosen my course. I have decided to be a soldier. I have a strong arm and I fear nothing. I will fight my way to fame and power. The king shall hear of me, and I shall be raised up so that thou shalt be proud of thy son. And when I am a master of men I will not be cruel, but all men shall look up to me, and I shall be honored in the land."

The father nodded, "Thou art a brave son," quoth he. "May what thou seekest come to pass. My blessing go with thee."

So the second son took his share of the silver and bought a coat of mail, a lance, a sword, a plumed helmet and a coal-black charger, and set off for the wars.

But the youngest son was a gentle youth who loved life as he found it. He hated not the world, nor did he long for power. He would rather laugh than sigh, rather sing than fight. For all that, he was no weakling, and he desired earnestly that his life might be worth the living. For many days he pondered, and then he went to his father and said:

"Father, I cannot choose my course. I am neither a scholar nor a fighter like my brothers. I wish to lead a worthy life and make the world a little better, but I know not how to begin. The King has sent for me to be his jester, because he has heard that I have a ready wit, but a jester is not a man of honor among his brethren. He makes no stir in the world. What shall I do?"

Now the youngest son had his mother's eyes, and his father loved him best of the three. The father gazed at him fondly for a long time, and then said:

"My son, much reading of books may not make a man wise, and much spilling of blood may not make him great. Whatsoever a man's heart biddeth, so is he, whether he wear corselet, gown, or motley. Life is a various compound, and the wise man considereth not one ingredient alone. It matters not what garb or what trade a man chooseth, so that he choose also righteousness, honesty, kindness, open-heartedness, simplicity, tolerance, a clean mind, a sweet spirit, a lofty vision and good will toward men. Go to the King and be his jester; it cannot hurt thee while thy soul is in thine own keeping. For it is the life of the soul, not the deeds of the mind or of the arm that counts. My blessing go with thee."

So the third son set forth, very humbly, for the palace of the King; and his father watching him depart rejoiced, for humility is the beginning of greatness.

When twenty years had passed, and the old nobleman slept with his fathers, a traveler from a distant land passed by a hermit's cave in the mountains. He saw the scholar within poring over his books,

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER

and being a student of men the traveler made inquiry as to what manner of man the hermit was. He found that the hermit had gained renown throughout the land as a man of learning, but that no one loved him. Much brooding had made him morose. Much solitude had given him but little understanding of his fellowmen, and they could not understand him. When he tried to teach the people philosophy, he failed. "He is a dreamer," they said.

"A wasted life," quoth the traveler, and passed on.

One day he came to a town where there was a sound of tramping horses, and presently, with much pomp, a troupe of men-at-arms rode by, and all the people stood and gaped after them. At their head rode a knight of forbidding visage, on a coal-black charger.

"Who is that?" inquired the traveler. They told him that the knight was a mighty soldier, who had come back from the wars with much wealth and great renown. But the people did not love him, and when he gave alms he bestowed also fear. Much fighting had hardened his heart. He had climbed to power on the necks of friend and foe. His career had left him no time for the finer things of life.

"A fool for all his greatness," quoth the traveler, and passed on.

At length he came to the city where the King's palace was. And as he paused before the inn, a jester passed, in his silly cap and bells. With the jester were children, begging for a story, and he rebuked them not. An old woman stepped out quickly from a doorway and kissed the jester's hand before he could protest. And as he passed, the people smiled, and there was love and not mockery in the smile.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the traveler.

"That," replied the innkeeper, "is the court fool."

"But do the people love a fool?" inquired the traveler.

"Yea, verily," quoth the publican, and told the traveler many a tale of the King's jester, before the tavern door.

It appeared that the jester, when he was not busy making laughter for the King and his court, had taken to wandering about the town and making laughter for the people. Now laughter is not a thing to be disregarded, and the people came to look for the jester with joy. And soon they learned that beneath his wit lay a fund of homely wisdom, and that beneath his motley beat a Christian heart. And they began to come to him with their troubles, and he tried to show them how they could make their lives better worth while by living at peace with their neighbors and looking out for those things that feed the spirit. They began to look for him as they looked for sunshine after a shower, and he failed them not. And because he was only a jester, and not a great man, he and the people understood each other, and the town was better because he lived in it.

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER

I am from the East," quoth the traveler, "and my ways are not your ways. I know not what a jester's work may be, but I know that I have seen a good man and a wise one. I have traveled far and seen many men of power and learning, wealth and fame and many men who profess much piety; but men of great soul are few. This man has turned his life to account, for the things of the spirit are better than the things of the body or of the mind."

And the innkeeper, though he comprehended not the full purport of the wise man's words, nodded, smiling, for he, too, loved the King's jester.

YOUTH is playtime, and frivolity is condoned in the young; but I believe that the average young man—the everyday American—has more serious thoughts inside his head than he is given credit for, or than he himself would really acknowledge. When we are twenty-one we stand at the threshold of life, about to put away childish things and to become as men. We don't say much about it, but the thought disturbs us not a little. What of the future? What of our lives?

The majority of young Americans, as soon as they begin to take thought of the future, desire success above all else. But just how to obtain success, and just what success is, puzzles them. Experience has not taught them; they must set sail on faith. Then come the hard knocks, the disillusionings; dreams pale before the pitiless light of day. The struggle between idealism and materialism begins—a struggle bitter and to the death, which no poet has celebrated. No patron gods hover over the battlefield; no blare of trumpet or beat of drum stirs the weary heart to deeds of martial valor. No one cheers; no one knows. But because the fight is universal and vital and because all the future depends upon the outcome, I venture to invade the realm of the commonplace and talk of these things.

When I was twenty-one I left the shelter of college halls, equipped, more or less adequately, with hope, ambition and ideals. With me were the band of my fellows, and we went our several ways to seek our fortunes. Well, it has been a blind sort of a seeking for most of us, and I have sometimes felt that, for all our youthful self-confidence and wilfulness, the way might have been made a little plainer.

The teachers of our youth are all too often men of the study and the cloister, and it is hardly to be expected that non-combatants can successfully teach the art of war. I do not know the remedy for this, but I feel that it is a defect in our educational system. Ideals they taught us—ideals of honor, of altruism, of service, of scholarly and intellectual attainment. For this we thank them. They told

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER

us that these things were the desiderata of life, and that it was our duty and privilege to be better than our fellowmen, and by our example to lead them on to better things.

A delightful feeling of self-complacency this gave us, to be sure, but it was short-lived. When we left the protection of Alma Mater, and got into the thick of the struggle for existence, then did the disconcerting truth burst upon us that somehow our lofty ideals did not square with the facts of life as we found them. We discovered that, with all our degrees and our self-sufficiency, we were but privates in the army. Over us were captains of tens and captains of hundreds and somewhere away above them were the great generals. We seemed a bit handicapped in our mission of purifying society.

When some of the conceit had been knocked out of us, we began to ask ourselves if we had not made some mistake in judgment and motive. Perhaps we were on the wrong road, after all. Success seemed to lie up another street. The crowd seemed to be going another way—on up the hill of material prosperity. If we changed our course a bit, we might reach a height where noble deeds would be possible; there was nothing noble in life in the valley.

And so some of us turned and went with the crowd, and have become knights of greater or less renown, not without damage to our immortal souls. And some of us have set our faces against the stream, and sought some quiet back-water, there to remain, hermit-like, embittered against this wrong-headed old world. And some, I hope, have chosen a golden mean, striving, without loss of ideals, to take life as we find it and make the best of it.

There are things in life that are worth while and things that are not worth while. I construct this platitude for the sake of an axiomatic starting-point. If we are at all thoughtful, we desire to attain to those things that are worth while and to disregard those things that are not worth while. We are not of those foolish ones who spend their labor for that which satisfieth not. But it is not always so easy to determine what things are worth while in life and what are not. Especially is the answer obscure to the young man of small experience. It might not be such a bad idea if every final examination paper for the Bachelor of Arts degree were to bear the question, "What is worth while in life?" It seems to me I recollect puzzling over questions less important than that. Let us consider what the correct answer would be.

I don't know whether it is deplorable or not, but it is true that academic idealism and the actualities of life do not jibe. In its undiluted form this idealism is essentially fallacious. The Brahman may attain Heaven through contemplation, but not the twentieth-

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER

century American. Pure idealism fails because it is theoretical. It belongs to the millenium, not to the present. It takes into account a single force; it does not allow for the variations of the needle. But there is a vast difference between ideals and idealism, just as there is between sentiment and sentimentality. It is in the confusion of these that the error lies. No sane man will deplore ideals. They are worth while.

Materialism, on the other hand, is equally fallacious, and for similar reasons. It takes no account of the human soul, and that tells the whole story. And that we have souls is proved by the very fact that these problems perplex us. If we were soulless, we should all be out-and-out materialists or utter fools.

Now, then, we arrive at the fundamental question. How can we nurture our souls, in spite of the materialism about us, without swinging over to ineffectual idealism? How may the practical ambition and the loftier vision be made to work in double harness? How can we find the golden mean—the harmonizing grays in the picture? Those are questions we must answer for ourselves, according to our individual needs and circumstances; but if we have surely formulated the problem in its personal application, we shall have taken a long step toward the goal. The jester in the parable worked it out in his way; you and I must work it out in ours. And it will help us if we study the lives of those men about us who seem truly admirable, for the world is not all bad, and there are tens of thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

For the young man who is choosing a career, the first question is, what is success? There is time enough ahead; let him sit down and consider it. Who is a successful man? Is it Ryan or Rockefeller, with all their wealth? Is it Parson Prayerful, that pious man, whose wife is ashamed of her last year's bonnet?

All the wise men of all the ages have pointed out the folly of riches. I can add nothing to their scorn. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth" is a maxim for all time and all countries. And yet money is a good servant, though a hard master. Money stands for much that makes life happier. Parson Prayerful's family would be better off if he could provide a little more of it. It is the glorification of money, and the display of wealth and the blighting power of the quest that starve and warp the soul.

And the very use of money seems to have a contaminating influence sometimes. A Hughes will give up an opportunity to make money for a seat on the Supreme Bench, and we say it is admirable; a Guggenheim will pay out money for a seat in the Senate, and we say it is despicable.

THE HERMIT, THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER

Money is not to be scorned when it is a good servant. Fame is not to be scorned when it is honestly won. Position is not to be scorned when it is an honorable one. The hermit is a fool for all his learning. It is the slavery to these things that crushes the soul.

These are not profound conclusions, but rather suggestive hints to set the young man thinking. For my object is to give some young man God-speed on the right road. The vast importance of formulating the purpose, defining the ideals, and clarifying the vision in youth, cannot be overestimated. Nine-tenths of life's actions, say psychologists, depend upon habit. The importance of forming the right habits of thought is self-evident. A false step at the beginning of a career means much labor or disaster later. That youth is wise who early recognizes the importance of his own soul, and who makes an investment in the true and the lofty, as he would start a bank account.

I beg your pardon, my young friend. You do not like preaching; neither do I. But it's a serious sort of business—this making the best of it—even for a jester, and it pays to look life in the face now and then, and get acquainted with it. And if we do not cramp our souls with sordid aims, and if we do not shut out the world from our souls because we disapprove of it, we can find much that is good in life—good people, good books and beauty everywhere. We mustn't neglect our souls, that's all. And don't be discouraged if the world seems obstinate and does not respond to your efforts to reform it. Try helping some one person toward the richer life; it's easier and more satisfactory.

I knew a man once, who was, as I look back upon his life, a success. He was a newspaper editor in a small New England city, and his salary needed much nursing to provide for the needs of his family. His life was not an easy one, and there were heart-wearying things in it; but he was known as a man of laughter and sunshine. He was, too, a man of intellect and wisdom, and in his youth he had dreams of literary achievement, I believe. Circumstances deprived him of the realization of those dreams, and he never won what he deserved. And yet, I say, his life was not in vain, for through it all his soul grew large and kind. He loved beauty, and the roses in his yard bloomed for him as though they felt the virtue of his touch. His heart was a fountain of perpetual youth, and he helped people to laugh and to sing. He did good deeds, and stood for truth and right in his community. He drew to him the love of men and the gratitude of women, and when he died there was mourning in other homes than his own.

I think I would prefer a little more of the ease of life than he had. It is less difficult for the soul to grow in the broad sunshine. And yet I think I would like to be something like him, if I could.

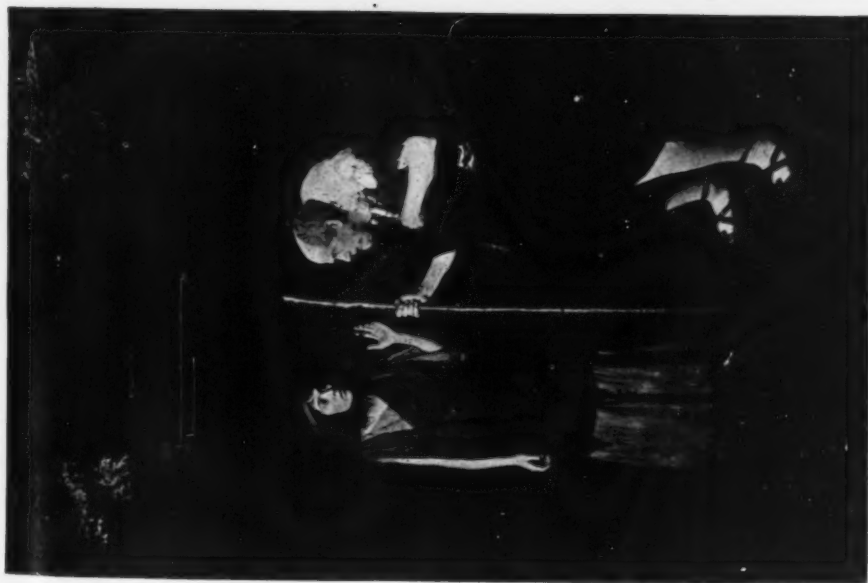
THE BEAUTY OF OUTDOOR DRAMA AS PRESENTED BY THE COBURN PLAYERS



THROUGH the blackness of the storm the wind blew a sinister morbid note; the blurred lights in the trees threw nervous uneven streaks of gray over the lost green of the grass. It was a night for fell purpose to accomplish dark deeds. The eyes inevitably rested on the single open space sheltered by the light and bound by the heavy shadows and the roaring winds. Just as the storm seemed too wild, too unkind for human presence, out into the soft light from the dense background came slowly the figure of an old man in simple homely garb. Standing silent for a moment he looked out through the wandering shadows and the flickering light to the eager faces of the audience beyond, and then raising his voice above the tumult of the winds, the old *Peasant* told in fair clear words the tragic story of "*Electra*," Euripides' great human drama. Standing, an earth-colored figure, solitary in the rain, shadowed by the waving branches, he brought back the solemn tale of *Queen Clytemnestra*, how she had forgotten her lord for the love of an alien, how she had neglected her children and forced them to grow up outcasts, and had brought about the marriage of the vengeful *Electra* to the poor *Peasant*, himself. A powerful story of vast tragedy, the humanness of thousands of years ago intimate with the humanness of the life of today.

Through all the whirl of the wind and the cheerlessness of the rain, through dark intervening spaces and the crashing of branches the words of the old man in Euripides' final tragedy reached the audience on the college campus, held them spellbound by beauty and vividness until the storm was forgotten, or rather merged into the tumult of the drama. And when the *Peasant* ceased speaking, *Electra* found an absorbed and enthusiastic group of listeners as she came silently through the woods, clothed with the Greek mourning garb of deep purple and carrying on her shoulder a Greek water jar,—a slender figure to vesture such a wealth of vengeance, and yet her very slightness seemed wrought of woe, as pale and tense she cursed "the woman, bred of Tyndareus, my mother—on her head be curses! —* * * * * She hath made me naught; she hath made Orestes naught." Her words, her spirit of fury filled the light beneath the trees and brought the people, out in the shadow, with one accord within the circle of the tragedy, sympathetic, close.

And as they watched, in a second the implacable figure, turning to the ancient man, was metamorphosed into one of appealing tenderness, as *Electra* expressed her ceaseless gratitude to the old *Peasant*, her husband, "My friend, my friend, as God might be my friend."



THE *Old Man* WHO COMES TO BRING
Electra FOOD AND WINE FOR THE
WANDERERS WHO VISIT HER.



"Electra" CAME SILENTLY THROUGH THE WOODS,
CARRYING ON HER SHOULDER A GREEK WATER
JAR"; AS PRESENTED BY MRS. COBURN.



Electra (MRS. COBURN) CROWNING Orestes (MR. COBURN) AFTER THE DEATH OF Ægisthus.

Electra SEEKING TO CONSOLE Orestes AFTER THE SLAYING OF Clytemnestra.

OUTDOOR DRAMA BY THE COBURN PLAYERS

FROM this the play sped on, warm and strong with those great repeating human qualities that pour from century to century and filtering out into literature and art make sure the appreciation of the sincere of all ages for the genius of all times. And thus Euripides' great human drama of ancient Greece gripped and held the attention of modern America during the first presentation of "Electra" out of doors by those most sincere gracious compelling of modern stage folk, the Coburn Players.

It was impossible not to contrast the performance of Euripides' "Electra" with that of Strauss, given for the first time in New York last winter. The former seems inherent in the simplicity and primitiveness of outdoor surroundings; real with those qualities of human nature which must be vital to the end of time, and told, in the Gilbert Murray translation, so sincerely, almost in so homely a manner that the scenes out under the trees and close to the wet green earth seemed but life itself; while Strauss' "Electra," developed from the morbid Teutonic imagination, gave a series of pictures, artificial and unconvincing, almost loathsome, saved only for human consideration as it was lifted on the wings of splendid sound.

Mr. Coburn's *Orestes* is a strong convincing picture of a harassed soul ready for vengeance, yet tortured with the memory of a mother's tenderness. The understanding of the subtlety of stage management was realized to the fullest in Mr. Duncan's ability the night of this first presentation to sink the tragedy of the play into the storm-driven surroundings, and gathering strength rather than losing by the wildness of the night.

In contemplating the extraordinary modernity of Euripides' attitude toward life one recalls with interest Chesterton's conviction, in speaking of the work of Bernard Shaw, that it is only the man who has the courage to write in advance of his times who is bound to be easily forgotten, the natural inference being that a man's own times are inspiration enough for any sort of achievement. And in "Electra" one realizes how completely Euripides must have written of what he knew most about. His theme may have been tradition, but the people who carry the theme through the story are real people with qualities that the poet must have known through his own living experience and vital observation. It is because the Coburn Players, too, are close to actual life, sincere and sympathetic, that they can so fully realize the modern quality of "Electra," and that they are also able to so completely trust to the sensitiveness of the American public to realize it with them.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: JANE ADDAMS, THE FIRST WOMAN TO RECEIVE AN HONORARY DEGREE FROM YALE



THE news that Yale University has bestowed the honorary degree of M.A. upon Miss Jane Addams is significant, both because this is the first time in its history that such a degree has been given by this university to a woman, and because it is a dignified way of expressing the respect of the American people for this quiet woman who has worked hard at what she found to do; has shared, through her books, her vision with others, and has advocated from the beginning the common-sense method of bringing about social reform by building it up from the bottom rather than approaching it from the top.

No comment is needed upon Miss Addams' life and work at Hull House. It is pleasant to think that throughout the length and breadth of this country the people have taken such a keen interest in Hull House and what it stands for that they know all about it. But most people are less familiar with Miss Addams' books, in which she has gathered the result of her experience, and which express the ideal that has inspired everything she has done. The knowledge of human nature in the rough and of real conditions at the bottom of the social order, which Jane Addams has gained from her work among the immigrants at Hull House and in the streets, alleys and tenements in its neighborhood, forms a fairly solid foundation upon which to build a theory of social reform. This theory was outlined in Miss Addams' first book, "Democracy and Social Ethics," and was given broader and more mature expression in "Newer Ideals of Peace." Her latest book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," deals with the juvenile problem as it confronts us today, and suggests that it might not be so much of a problem after all if only the youngsters, native and foreign, were given a square deal.

In reading Miss Addams' books, the first thing that strikes one is their sunny and unquenchable optimism. Under all the suffering and sordidness she sees the great basic element of human kindness. She sees the change that is taking place in the ideals of humanity; the turning of energy to constructive work instead of destructive warfare, and the growth of the new dynamic peace which embodies the later humanism. Speaking from the depths of close personal association with the immigrants who have come to seek their fortunes in this country, she fearlessly asserts that our hope for the future lies in the new and strong civilization that will grow out of the present comingling of nations on this continent.



JANE ADDAMS: THE HEAD OF HULL HOUSE IN CHICAGO,
THE AUTHOR OF "DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL ETHICS,"
"NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE" AND "THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH
IN THE CITY STREETS."



O. HENRY (SYDNEY PORTER) : THE GREAT
AMERICAN SHORT-STORY WRITER.

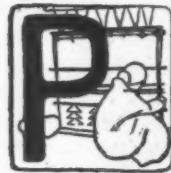
O. HENRY (SYDNEY PORTER): THE AMERICAN STORY WRITER



SKED by a friend for an expression of the principles of his art, Mr. Porter said, "Rule One is to write to please yourself. I have no Rule Two." In what degree the living of his life was a conscious preparation for his work no one can say, but it is easy to see that all the years which passed before his first story found its way into a magazine were filled with experiences which proved to him a mine so rich that at his death the vein had never shown any sign of "pinching out." Born in North Carolina, that most conservative of all the Southern States, he was by turns a cowboy in Texas, a newspaper reporter, a sojourner with the American expatriates in the Central American republics, a dispenser of soda water in a Southern city, finally becoming a resident of New York. In his New York stories there is the power that for the moment enables the reader to picture that city as a modern Bagdad, rich in Haroun-al-Raschids and Blind Calenders. Sydney Porter was a rather stout man and somewhat heavy of face. He was forty-two years old when, on June fifth, nineteen hundred and ten, he died. By his pen name of O. Henry he was known all over America as the author of several hundred short stories, each one notable. Seeing life as a series of incidents, he so portrayed it, and never sought for any other medium of expression than that which was so eminently adapted to his purpose. Always his stories were romantic in quality; it was the improbable that usually happened to his characters, but then they were always extremely probable sort of people. He never created a character which remained a definite image upon the mind of his reader, rather he sketched a lot of people of the most undistinguished type, cowboys who were just cowboys and men, shop girls who were just shop girls and women, and to these happened remarkable things. Nor is the charm of his stories dependent on local color, but, solely, it comes from his presentation of the romance of the common heart and the common life, leavened with the humor of the unexpected and a kindly tolerance for all those traits that go to make us neither more nor less than human. Of his own work he said: "They say I know New York well. Just change 'Twenty-third Street' in one of my stories to 'Main Street,' rub out the 'Flat-iron Building' and insert 'Town Hall,' and the story will fit any up-State town just as well. So long as a story is true to human nature all you need to do to make it fit any town is to change the local color."

An optimist ever, Mr. Porter, when he knew that he was dying, said to the physician, "Can't you prop up the pillows a bit. I don't want to go home in the dark."

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: SIR HORACE CURZON PLUNKETT, IRISH LEGISLATOR AND AGRICULTURIST



PEOPLE who are making a study of the country life problem in America have been much interested in the suggestions made by Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett, who speaks with authority because he has spent so much time in this country that he is almost as familiar with conditions here as he is in Ireland, where he has done such notable work for the cause of agriculture and country life. His recently published book, "The Rural Life Problem of the United States," is attracting wide attention because of its excellent summary of the cause and consequences of our neglect of rural life, and the keenness with which he points out what he calls the weak spot in American rural economy. This is the failure on the part of farmers to adopt good business methods of combination in farming and marketing. Speaking from the viewpoint of his experience in Ireland, Sir Horace urges warmly a reorganization of American agriculture upon coöperative lines. He admits the great usefulness of the many agencies already in existence, but declares that leadership is needed and also a keener appreciation of the mutual interests of the advocates of conservation and of rural reform. He proposes a combination of these two movements which so naturally belong together, and the organization of a Country Life Association to work in direct coöperation with the Conservation Association, its object being to organize bodies of farmers for economic purposes and also for social advancement.

Sir Horace Plunkett is famous as one of the modern redeemers of Ireland, where he has put into practice the same theories that he suggests as a solution for the American problem. He took a prominent part in forming the Agricultural Coöperative Credit Association, which is today represented in Ireland by one thousand societies, and he is also active in the Agricultural Organization Society, which works along lines similar to those of our own Granges. The third son of an Irish peer, Sir Horace was educated at Eton and Oxford, and came to America about thirty years ago to recover his health on the Western plains, where he spent ten years as a ranchman. It goes without saying that he is an ardent supporter of the conservation movement, and is in cordial sympathy with the policies inaugurated by Mr. Pinchot and put into effect by Mr. Roosevelt. Conservation is to him the paramount issue of the present day, the development of agriculture being only a part of the larger scheme because the land itself is the most important of our natural resources.



SIR HORACE CURZON PLUNKETT: IRISH
LEGISLATOR AND AGRICULTURIST.



HENRY S. GRAVES: CHIEF FORESTER
IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: HENRY S. GRAVES, CHIEF FORESTER IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE



RESIDENT TAFT'S action in making a political sacrifice of Mr. Gifford Pinchot has rather helped the cause of conservation than harmed it because, through the National Conservation Association which he is forming, Mr. Pinchot is able to come into closer touch with the people than would have been possible had he remained a Government official, while the regular routine of the Government Service is being carried on along the precise lines laid down by him during his term of office, and under the direction of a man who gained his first practical experience of forestry as Mr. Pinchot's pupil and assistant.

Mr. Henry S. Graves took up the study of forestry at a time when there were not ten professional foresters in the whole United States. Like Mr. Pinchot, he had to go abroad for both theoretical and practical training, as it was impossible to obtain a thorough education in forestry in this country because American forestry possessed neither a science nor a literature of its own. Mr. Graves is a Yale man of the class of ninety-two. After he left college he took up a special course in forestry at Harvard, but finding it to be insufficient for his needs, he went to Germany, where he spent some years studying forestry in the University of Munich. Returning to this country, he joined forces with Mr. Pinchot, acting as his chief assistant in the experimental days prior to the organization of the Government Service. In nineteen hundred Mr. Graves was appointed director of the Yale Forest School, and did gallant service to the cause of forestry by turning out a number of thoroughly trained men who are now doing efficient work in the Forest Service. Naturally, Mr. Graves' work as Professor of Forestry kept him in close touch with every step taken by Mr. Pinchot in the organization of the Service which within the past few years has become famous. Although his own work at Yale was largely academic, he took every opportunity to develop the practical side of it, so that he is thoroughly conversant not only with the details of the Service, but with the broad outlines of the future work planned by Mr. Pinchot.

Mr. Graves has identified himself with a number of local associations in this country, and has done much to arouse public interest in forestry. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences in Washington and also in Connecticut, and of the State Forestry Associations in Connecticut and New Hampshire. He also belongs to the American Forestry Association and to the Society of American Foresters.

WASTE LAND IN LONG ISLAND MADE INTO GOOD FARMS: PRACTICAL METHOD ADOPTED BY THE RAILROAD COMPANY TO DEVELOP ITS TERRITORY



HAT the farmer needs more than anything else is the application of straight business methods to the work of farming. Theoretical knowledge is excellent in its place, but its place is to serve as a background to good hard practical work that makes just as much of a business of cultivating the soil as the merchant makes a business of selling goods. Unless he wants to go into bankruptcy, the merchant must keep his stock fresh and varied and in excellent condition, and must sell it promptly and to the best advantage. It requires no great amount of theoretical or scientific knowledge to do this, but it does require a knowledge of the goods and of the market and an alertness which takes advantage of every opportunity. Just now there is a great and increasing effort to revive and improve farming in this country. The Government spends large sums of money upon experiment stations in which the most improved laboratory methods are applied to the reorganizing of soil conditions, to the discovery of the kind of crops most suited to each kind of land, and to the development of new varieties of fruits, vegetables and grains. Agricultural schools and colleges are providing an elaborate course of training for young men who wish to take up scientific agriculture, and rich men are spending fortunes upon their fancy farms in the effort to prove that the costly modern methods of fertilizing and cultivating can work miracles. Yet, in spite of it all the old-fashioned farmer goes stolidly on his way, cultivating the ground as his fathers did before him; refusing to countenance any "new-fangled contrivances"; planting the same old crops at the same old dates, regardless alike of the season, the fitness of the ground or the demands of the market, and sending his produce to market dumped into barrels for the jobber to sort out and arrange for sale.

So far most of the efforts of the Agricultural Department and of colleges have failed before the stolid conservatism of this kind of farmer, who jeers at all "book farming" and cherishes the belief that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him. Yet out in the pine barrens of Long Island a railroad company, bent only on extending its own business, is quietly doing the work, for within the past five or six years it has succeeded in revolutionizing the whole outlook of the Long Island farmer. The means it employs are simple, and philanthropy is *not* its reason for taking measures to develop the country.

WASTE LAND MADE INTO GOOD FARMS

Six or seven years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company bought the little wandering old-fashioned Long Island Railroad, that possessed four hundred miles of track and three divisions within the compass of a very moderate-sized island. It was a very hard road to manage, because both freight and passenger business fluctuated so tremendously at different seasons of the year that during some months the road could hardly handle the traffic, while at other seasons hundreds of unused cars were stored away to await the time when they should be needed again. The coast line is thick with villages, and there are a great many farms in the interior, but in the middle of the Island and on some parts of the north shore are over two hundred thousand acres of unused and apparently useless land known as the "pine barrens" and the "scrub-oak waste." It is a desolate stretch of country, burnt over nearly every year and growing only a kind of low bush commonly called scrub oak, and the commercially useless yellow or "loblolly" pine. It was a territory the reverse of profitable to the railroad, but instead of accepting the conditions as inevitable, as had been done for generations on Long Island, Mr. Ralph Peters, who had been made President of the Long Island Railroad when it came under Pennsylvania management, set his brain to work to find out how this country could be made of some use to a common carrier that was suffering for steady and well-organized business.

IT IS said of Mr. Peters that he is president of a railroad because he has the gift of finding out each man's capacity and putting him in the place where he can do his best work. He had one man who was doing pretty good work as publicity agent, but after several talks on the condition of the interior of Long Island, it struck Mr. Peters that Mr. H. B. Fullerton would be just the man to undertake the development of that barren tract into good farming country. Mr. Fullerton knew a good deal about agriculture, although he had never attended an agricultural college and had very little theoretical training. For many years he had been interested in the cause of good roads, so he had a pretty thorough knowledge of the country, especially through New York State. Moreover, he is a Western man, in fact, an ex-cowboy from Texas. The pioneer training was his from start to finish, and there were few difficulties that he could not meet and cope with on at least equal terms. He saw the situation as it existed in Long Island, and he and Mr. Peters fully believed that it was quite possible, if only they went to work in the right way, to turn the whole country into good productive farms that would supply the New York market with fresh produce and incidentally would give the Long Island Railroad plenty of freight to carry all the year round,

WASTE LAND MADE INTO GOOD FARMS

—to say nothing of the passenger service that would result from the settling of the country.

So the two men agreed that the best way to begin the creation of all this new business for the railroad was to pick out the worst spot in the whole island and establish there a demonstration farm which should be an object lesson to the whole country. The most unpromising spot was selected intentionally and, by the same shrewd intention, the methods to be employed on the demonstration farm were precisely those that might be employed by any farmer who chose to make an effort to keep up with the times, or by any city man who wanted to get his family out into the country but who had very little money to put into the experiment. The first demonstration farm of ten acres was established at Wading River in nineteen hundred and five, and the second was started at Medford not long afterward. The methods of cultivation have been the same on both. After the stumps were dynamited out,—and in some cases the stumps ran almost up to eight hundred per acre,—the ground was immediately plowed and sown to rye, which in turn was plowed under to act as green fertilizer. As the ground was not worn out, being virgin soil that had never been under cultivation, no chemical fertilizer was used or needed. Ten tons of manure to the acre were put on, with a sufficient quantity of lime and wood ashes to get the ground into good shape for planting.

THE object of the demonstration farm has been to prove that all fruits and vegetables native to the temperate zone may be grown on Long Island; to discover and apply the most practical and effective remedies for the destruction of injurious insects and the conquering of diseases; to introduce the kind of cultivation and plant selection that will produce the biggest and most marketable crops, and to devise a method of packing and marketing that will make it possible to send farm produce fresh and in perfect condition direct from producer to consumer without the intervention of the middleman. The idea took hold slowly. Mr. Fullerton and his wife,—who is also his active partner and most efficient helper in this enterprise,—lived at Huntington and divided their time between the two experimental farms, having a foreman in charge of each one. The workmen were reduced to the lowest possible number, and it was discovered that three men, with a few well-selected pieces of modern farm machinery, could keep in perfect condition a farm of ten acres, every foot of which was cultivated by intensive methods. Within the past month Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton have moved their home to the farm at Medford, which is to be increased to eighty acres, and which will require the greater part of their time. During the past five years they

WASTE LAND MADE INTO GOOD FARMS

have proven by means of heavy successful and profitable crops that land regarded as waste and barren ever since the Revolution could raise three hundred and eighty varieties of plant growth; that early crops, which are by far the most profitable, could be easily managed by the exercise of a little care and judgment, and that pests and diseases were by no means ineradicable if only the farmer would take the trouble to use preventive measures instead of relying upon more or less laborious and costly cures. For the first year the attitude of the neighbors was suspicious and critical. They distrusted any enterprise set on foot by a railroad. Outside people knew very little about it, but now and then some anxious experimenter went to see how the farm was coming on. Then Mrs. Fullerton wrote the story of the farm in a little book called "The Lure of the Land," and a monthly bulletin called *The Agronomist* was also started as a record of the farm operations. Then people began to take notice. Visitors came more and more frequently; Government and State agriculturists, Senators and Congressmen, teachers from agricultural colleges and progressive farmers from all over the country. By degrees the native farmer found out that help, readily and cordially extended and costing nothing, was to be had from Mr. Fullerton when root maggots, cut worms or San José scale threatened their vegetables and fruit trees. Next, people began to come from the city and, finding how easily and cheaply the land could be cleared and planted, bought small tracts, ran up little shacks or set down portable houses, and went to work at farming as a side issue for week ends or vacation seasons. Most of these occasional farmers have become, or are rapidly becoming, permanent residents, and more are coming every month.

ONE of the most important parts of the demonstration farm business is the marketing of fruits and vegetables so that they reach Brooklyn and New York in the best possible condition. This is done by means of hampers, each one of which is filled with six baskets of assorted vegetables, small fruits and salads. These are shipped at seven o'clock in the morning and are delivered at their destination in plenty of time for luncheon. Since the institution of this simple and direct method of supplying city dwellers with fresh farm produce, the demand has grown so rapidly that it taxes both demonstration farms to their utmost capacity to supply even a small part of it,—a state of affairs which makes the object lesson to others all the more pointed, and which has set the railroad people to talking about the advisability of establishing a special service and a town depot for handling farm stuff from the middle of the island.



TWO CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS: A CEMENT HOUSE AND A SHINGLED BUNGALOW

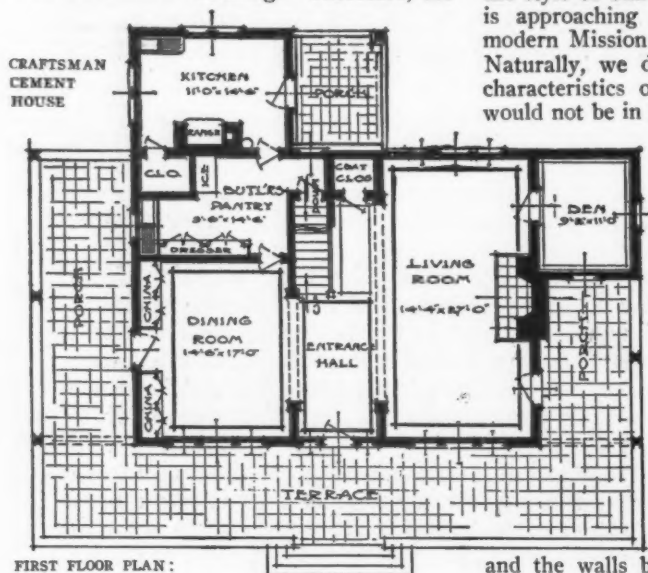
THE greater part of the requests for house plans that come to us suggest that we publish in each number of THE CRAFTSMAN designs for an inexpensive and unpretentious house that would come within the reach of very moderate means, and also a larger house at more considerable cost for the benefit of home builders whose families would overflow the smaller dwelling. Therefore, for

of making a very handsome and substantial-looking house. The extensive use of cement is bringing about a new style of building that has developed from the peculiarities of this material, which are essentially the same as those of concrete in that the effect should properly be that of forms which have been run in molds. Therefore, severe simplicity and a certain effect of massiveness are essential, and we design all the Craftsman cement houses with the idea of expressing this quality and making it decorative. Except that we do not often use the flattened arch, the style of building in concrete or cement is approaching closer and closer to the modern Mission architecture of California. Naturally, we dispense with the Moorish characteristics of the style, because these would not be in keeping with the surroundings

in the eastern part of the country, confining ourselves rather to straight lines and a very moderate use of the arch in the endeavor to produce a house so simple that it would look well in any surroundings.

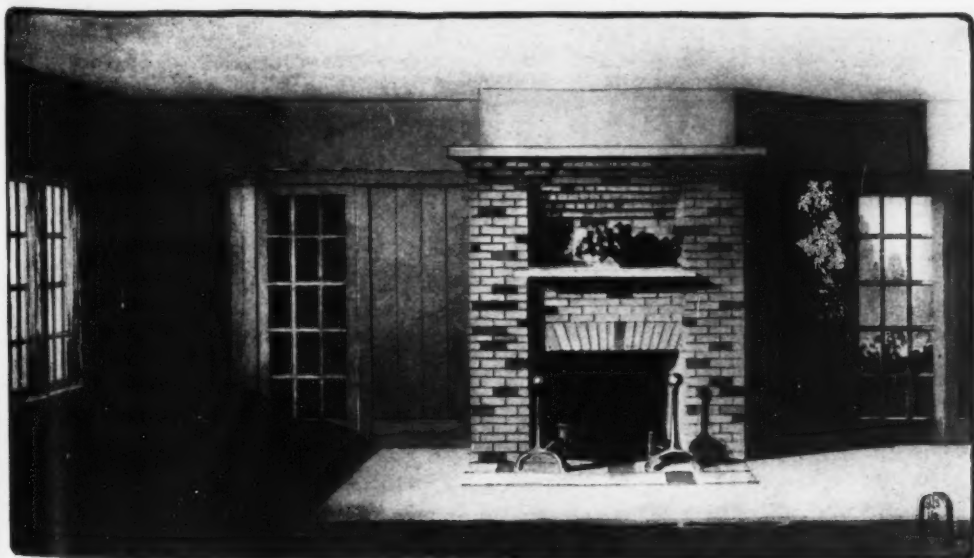
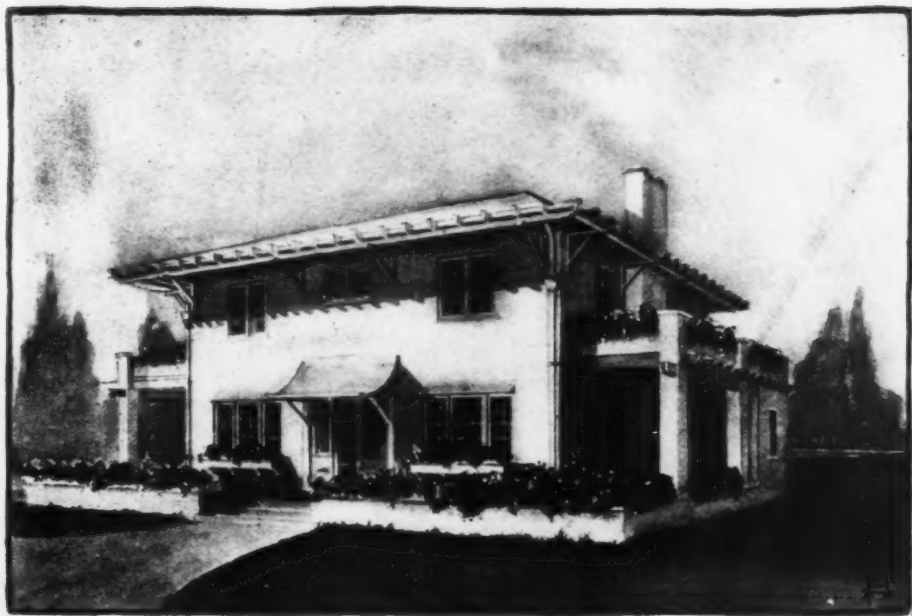
The cement house (No. 95) shown here, the cost of which should be from \$8,500 to \$9,500, is an excellent example of what we mean. The lines are all straight and severe, the pillars and parapets being plain

and the walls broken only by the careful groups of windows. All look of bareness in the upper part of the house is taken away by the effect of the widely overhanging roof with its exposed rafters, heavy beams and the large brackets which support it. The roof itself is of ruberoid, and is finished at the eaves with a trough of wood that serves as a gutter. The rafters are revealed, and each is capped with a strip of wood

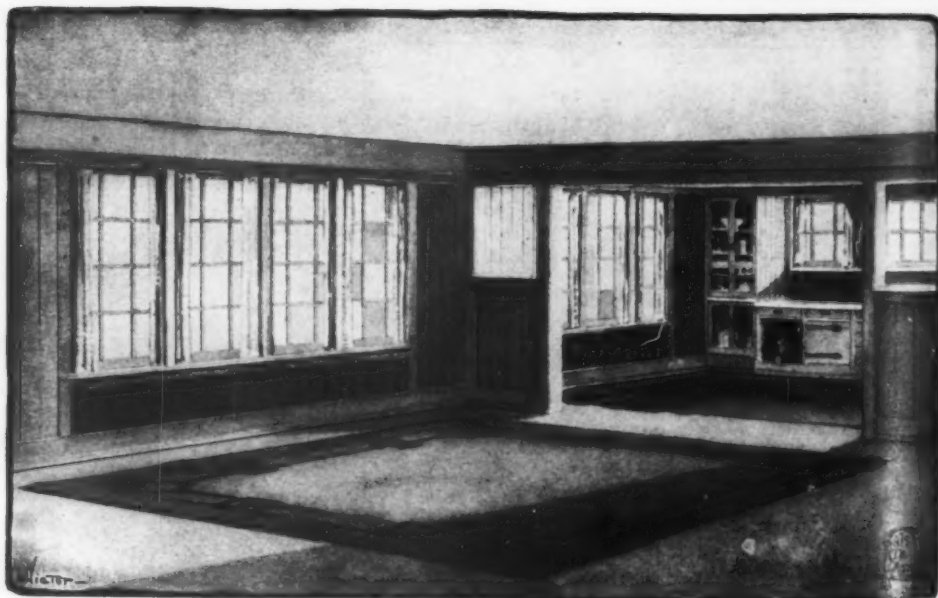
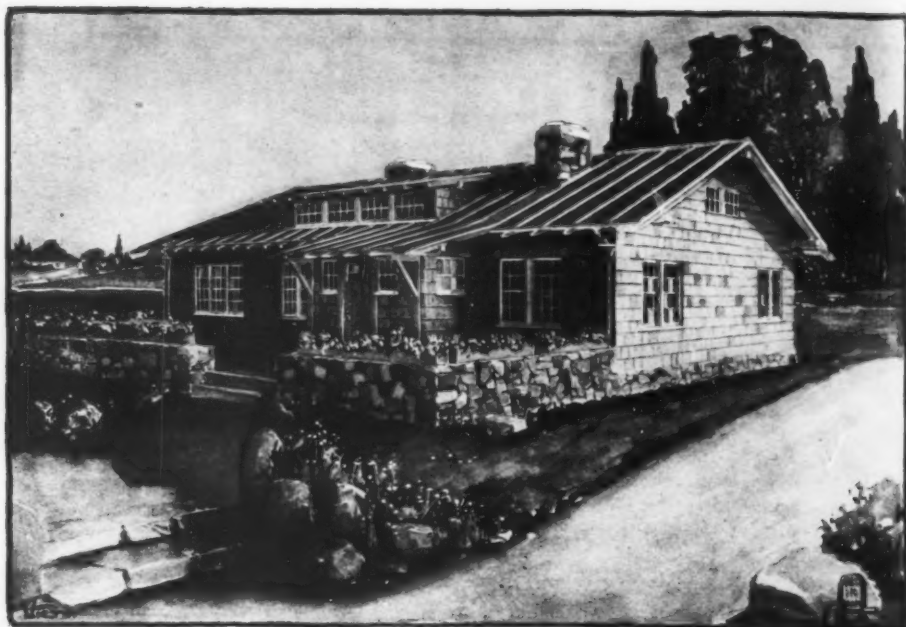


FIRST FLOOR PLAN:
NO. 95.

several months past we have been publishing in each issue two houses covering these requirements. We have for the most part chosen concrete or cement on metal lath as the material for the larger house, because these are proving themselves more and more to be both inexpensive and durable as building materials, with the additional advantage



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE, SHOWING PORCHES,
SLEEPING BALCONIES AND TERRACES: NO. 95.
CORNER OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE OF
TAPESTRY BRICK.



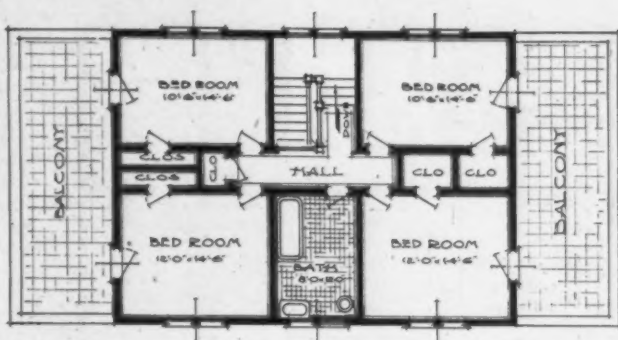
CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE: SHOWING INTERESTING ROOF AND TERRACE OPEN TO THE SKY. NO. 9.
LIVING ROOM, LOOKING INTO DINING ALCOVE.

CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY HOUSES

which serves as a batten to cover the joints of the roofing. Below, the severe square of the house is broken by a veranda that is partly open to the sky and partly roofed in. This veranda is floored with red cement marked off in squares, and in front has much the appearance of a terrace, as it is shielded only by a low parapet crowned with flower boxes.

At either side of the house the veranda is sheltered by a roof which forms the floor of the sleeping balcony above. These balconies are also shielded by parapets surmounted with flower boxes, so that the cots or low beds are concealed from view. The balconies are open to the sky, but could be covered with awnings if desired. The exposed windows and the entrance door are sheltered by cement hoods constructed like the walls and extending outward in a graceful sweep that not only protects the windows and door, but adds a distinctly decorative feature to the walls. These hoods are supported upon heavy timber brackets, and the same supports are used beneath the balconies, where the timber construction is left exposed as it is in the roof.

The inside of the house is arranged in the typical Craftsman way, the entrance hall being merely suggested as a division between the dining room and living room. As a matter of fact, the whole lower part of the house is open, with the exception of the kitchen and pantry at the back and the den at one side of the living room. The staircase, although it is apparently placed in the entrance hall, is really a part of the living room, which is divided from the hall only by the massive overhead beam that marks the boundary of the living room proper. A coat closet takes up a few feet of space in the corner of the room just beside the stairs, and there is plenty of space for a built-in seat in the suggested recess, formed by the stairway. The living room is very plain and simple as regards woodwork and other finish, but if the wood be properly selected and treated the room will have a greater beauty than could be given by a far more elaborate arrangement. The walls are wainscoted with wide V-jointed boards to the height of the frieze.

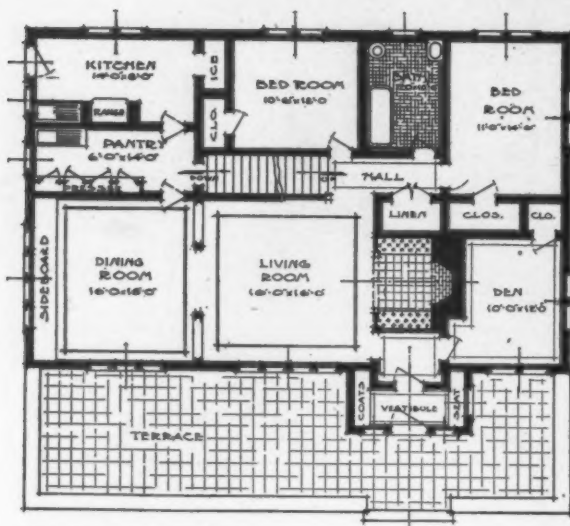


CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN: NO. 95.

and the big square chimneypiece of tapestry brick extends only to the same line, which thus runs unbroken all around the room. Above this line the chimneypiece is plastered like the ceiling and frieze with rough sand-finished plaster, tinted in any soft subdued tone that may harmonize with the woodwork. Large groups of windows light the room at both ends, and glass doors on either side of the fireplace lead to the porch and into the den. This little room is meant as a study, sewing room or smoking room according to the requirements of the family. Where the arrangement of the house is so open that the general living rooms are thrown all in one, it is always desirable to have some little place separate from the rest. The common life of the family is delightful, but solitude at times is an absolute necessity to most people.

On the opposite side of the entrance hall is the dining room, lighted in front with a group of windows like that in the living room. A glass door opens on the porch, and on either side of this door are china closets so built that the two fill the place of a sideboard besides providing for the storage of fine glass, china and silver. A door at the back of the room leads through the butler's pantry, with its ice box and built-in dresser, to the kitchen, which is equipped with all modern conveniences and which opens upon a small cement porch that in summer may be used as an outside kitchen. Upstairs the arrangement of rooms is very simple, every inch of space being utilized and the convenience of the family closely studied. All four of the bedrooms have glass doors opening upon the balconies, and another door in the corner of each one leads to a small hall which com-

CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY HOUSES



CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE:
FLOOR PLAN: NO. 96.

municates with the bathroom at the front.

The small bungalow (No. 96), costing from \$4,000 to \$5,000, is a characteristic Craftsman house. As we would build it, split cypress shingles are used for the walls, and the foundation is of split field stone. A broad terrace open to the sky takes the place of a veranda in front, and the vestibule projects upon this terrace. The roof, which has a very wide overhang, is made of ruberoid battened at the joints, and its line is broken by the broad low dormer with its group of casement windows, a feature that adds greatly to the structural interest of the building.

The small vestibule, which has a seat on one side and a coat closet on the other, is lighted by two casements set high in the wall and also by the lights in the upper part of the door. The framing of door and windows is unusual and very effective, as it brings the whole front of the vestibule into one structural group. The vestibule opens into a small passageway, from which a door on one side leads to a den shut off from the rest of the house, and an open doorway on the other communicates with the living room. The arrangement of living room and dining room is much the same as in other Craftsman houses, save that the large fireplace nook in the living room occupies a central position in the house, and also makes a deep recess in the room itself. The living room is wainscoted to the height

of the frieze, and the windows and door openings are so placed that the line around the room is unbroken. The top of the wainscot is finished with a square beam instead of a plate rail, and the partition between dining room and living room is indicated by the usual post and panel construction. There is only one group of windows in the living room, but that is so large that almost the entire front wall appears to be of glass, and the room is well lighted.

In the dining room the walls are wainscoted clear to the ceiling, and a group of windows similar to that in the living room gives plenty of light and a pleasant sense of airiness. The sideboard, which is built in below a

row of casement windows, occupies the whole end of the room, the whole fitment being a combination of sideboard and china closets. The china closets extend to the ceiling, and the sideboard, which is fifteen feet long, projects several inches beyond the closets, the greater width being made necessary by the length.

Being a bungalow, all the rooms are on one floor, the two bedrooms and a good-sized bathroom occupying the greater part of the space at the rear of the house. The kitchen is small but well equipped, and a large pantry adds greatly to the convenience of the housekeeping arrangements. This is an important item in the planning of a modern bungalow, because with the constantly increasing difficulties of the domestic problem the mistress of the house is likely at any time to be thrown upon her own resources. This is by no means such a misfortune as it was in the days before the invention of modern conveniences lightened the labors of the housewife, but it is still sufficiently serious to make it well worth while to take this question particularly into account in planning a house. It is considered in every one of the Craftsman houses, which are so arranged that the housework may be done with as few steps as possible, and so finished and furnished that they are easily kept clean and in order. The woodwork is so treated in the beginning that all the renovation it requires can be done by wiping it over with a cloth dipped in the same finish.

A REDWOOD BUNGALOW



A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW,
BUILT OF REDWOOD.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW THAT MIGHT BE BUILT IN THE EAST AT VERY MOD- ERATE COST

THE list of California bungalows illustrated and described in *THE CRAFTSMAN* is growing to be a long one, for these charming inexpensive little dwellings come so close to answering the requests sent in by our readers for plans and suggestions which will help them to build a charming and comfortable home at moderate cost, that we are glad to give as many examples of them as we can. Of course, it is possible to build more cheaply in California than it is in the East. Yet a house like this, built with a view to economy and under the direct supervision of the owner, should come within a very moderate sum. The author of the article vouches for the cost of the house, \$2,250. This is probably less than the cost of a similar house built anywhere in the neighborhood of New York, but at all events it gives us a basis upon which to form an estimate, allowing for the difference in the cost of labor and building material,—a difference which need not be so great if only the Eastern bungalow is built under as simple conditions as those which usually prevail in California. Cypress or cedar would probably be the best substitutes for the redwood shingles and beams used in the exterior of the house, and the interior woodwork could be of any one of our less expensive native woods. Chestnut is perhaps the most effective for such a purpose, and by selecting the boards

from the grade known as "sound wormy" it is possible to get it very cheaply. These boards, while they are spoiled for first-class stock by the existence of a few worm holes, are not disfigured or harmed in any way that would make them undesirable for interior woodwork, and the effect of a room finished with this grade of chestnut is quite as beautiful as if the most expensive grade were used. There are numberless economies that suggest themselves during the actual building of the house, and its final cost depends very largely upon the personal interest taken by the owner in the work of construction and the extent to which he is able to control the outlay. Building a house is not unlike keeping a motor car, which is a very expensive affair if the charges of chauffeur and garage are included, but is moderate when the owner runs it and looks after the repairs himself.

AN INEXPENSIVE BUNGALOW: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

THE question is often raised regarding the adaptability of the California bungalow for use in the East. Here is one constructed so thoroughly that it would be comfortable through the severest Eastern winter, and would stand all the changes of the Eastern climate. Although built in California, it has a cellar and furnace, double floors and a lining of heavy building paper between the walls for protection against the weather. The furnace room is placed directly in the center of the house, so that long reaches of pipe are avoided and all the

A REDWOOD BUNGALOW



VERANDA WITH PART
PERGOLA CONSTRUCTION.

rooms are uniformly heated. The furnace room is reached by a brick-walled tunnel leading from the cellar, which is built under the kitchen and screen porch at the back of the house.

Although it is very simple in both design and construction, this little house is well finished both inside and out. The exterior has the touch of primitiveness that always belongs to a shingled house where the heavy timber construction is exposed. Both shingles and beams are of redwood, darkened by the oil that has been put on to preserve it. The deep reddish brown tone of the wood is relieved by the gray of the cobblestone foundation, the lighter red of the brick chimney and the white door and window frames, leaders and gutter spouts. This is the usual color scheme for these bungalows, and it is very effective when seen amid the luxuriant foliage of a California garden, with its spreading palms and lacy pepper trees. The front veranda has a floor of gray cement that makes it seem almost a continuation of the walk that leads up to it. This veranda is partly sheltered by a roof, the rest being left open with a pergola construction overhead which will ultimately serve as a support for vines.

The interior of the house is very simple in arrangement, and is so finished that the effect is pleasant and restful. All the rooms are on one floor, the dining room and kitchen occupying one side of the house and the three bedrooms the other. The screen porch at the back counts as part of the

kitchen, because it is used as such during the greater part of the year. There is no pantry, but a good-sized dish cupboard opening into the kitchen and a recessed buffet built into the wall of the dining room.

As it was necessary to build the house very inexpensively, the interior woodwork is of pine, given a dark finish very much the color of Flemish oak, in the living room and dining room, while the woodwork in the bedrooms is all done in

white enamel. The dining room walls are wainscoted to the height of five feet with very wide V-jointed boards, surmounted by a broad plate rail. The ceilings in both rooms are crossed with boxed beams, and all the woodwork is of the simplest and severest design. The floors are of polished oak, and the walls are papered. A large brick fireplace is the central feature of the living room, and the space on either side is filled with bookshelves placed beneath the windows.

The cost of this bungalow, including cellar and furnace, wall paper and all the walks surrounding the house, is said by the



LIVING ROOM OF BUNGALOW,
SHOWING DINING ALCOVE.

owner to be \$2,250. This seems a very small sum for a house like this, but doubtless the cost has been kept down to that figure by exercising the utmost economy that is consistent with thoroughness of construction, and using the least expensive woods for both exterior and interior woodwork. Redwood and pine abound in California, and building materials can be had at an exceedingly moderate cost.

THE CHARM OF MOUNTAIN CAMPS



CAMP OF MILLED LUMBER,
WITH RUSTIC PORCH RAIL.

THE CHARM AND USEFUL- NESS OF A MOUNTAIN CAMP: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

WITH the saner ideas about work and rest that prevail nowadays, the mountain camp is coming to be regarded as almost a necessity for the business or professional man whose work in the city during the busier months of the year uses up so much brain and nerve force that, without such a means of healthful recreation, his years of usefulness would probably be fewer than need be. There is in the clear mountain air an element of tonic wholesomeness that can never be found on the lower levels, and when to this is added the freedom of a return to primitive ways of living, it means such a renewing of vital forces that the summer vacation is usually sufficient to build up a man for the whole year. Also, a definite change of scene is a relief that most people hardly appreciate. There is little rest in going from an elaborate and well-appointed city house to a country place that differs from it only in being in a different place, while to seek rest in a seaside resort or watering place means the weariness of hotel or elaborate cottage life. But in the mountain camp one gets away entirely from the usual mode of life, especially if one drops civilization entirely and "roughs it" in the simplest fashion.

The best of it is that a camp in the mountains is a luxury by no means beyond the reach of moderate means. Land in the wilderness is cheap, and a log cabin, or one built of rough lumber, can be put up at comparatively trifling cost. The days are filled with shooting, fishing, exploring or plain loafing and, there being no housework to

speak of, the women of the family enjoy as complete a rest and change as the men. Another item that is by no means inconsiderable is the saving in dressmaker's bills. A couple of suits of flannel or khaki are sufficient for all needs, so that the item of more or less elaborate toilettes, such as are de-



PICTURESQUE DOOR OF A STONE CABIN.

manded at a fashionable resort, may be counted out of the summer's expenses.

Most people who own a home in the city or the suburbs consider that they have all the property they can afford to keep up, but there is hardly any keeping up necessary in the case of a mountain camp. If one does not wish to buy, it is quite possible to obtain a long lease on a bit of mountain land for a small sum, and on this the camp may be

THE CHARM OF MOUNTAIN CAMPS



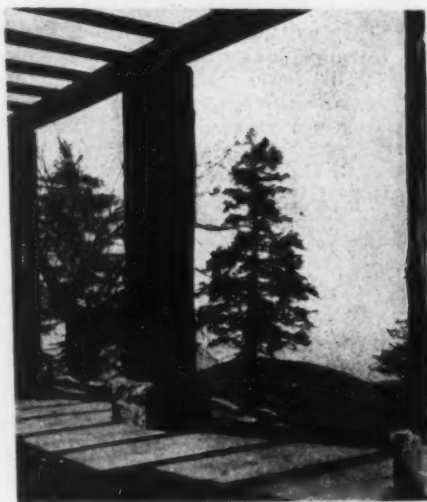
LOG CABIN WITH TILED ROOF.

built. For those who do not care to put up a house, or feel that they cannot afford one, a small one-room cabin of boards or logs, just large enough to store provisions and blankets, cooking utensils, etc., is sufficient. Without this storeroom it would be necessary to pay for the transportation of all camp supplies, both coming and going, every year,—an expense which would in a short time equal the cost of the little cabin. Of course with such a cabin the campers would be compelled to eat and sleep out-of-doors, but this is by no means a disadvantage, for sleeping out-of-doors is not only one of the luxuries of camp life, but is so necessary to health that, as we know, people are building sleeping porches even on city houses. A tent or even a marquee of canvas could be put up in case of rain, so that the table or the beds would escape a drenching, and with the provisions and bedding safely stored in a watertight cabin, campers could afford to laugh at the weather.

The cabin may cost as much or as little as the builder wishes. Some mountain camps are almost as elaborate as city houses, but these are not as desirable as the simpler buildings, because the complete change in environment and mode of living constitutes a large part of the charm as well as the benefit of a vacation. The material used in the construction of the camp will depend largely on what is most available,—logs, stones, shakes, slabs, sod or milled lumber. A rustic cabin is usually the most attractive, as it is more closely akin to the woods than one built of milled lumber. But of whatever material the house is constructed it should, if it is meant for more than a mere storeroom, have a good-sized living room with a wide stone fireplace, where at night the family may sit before the glow of crack-

ling pine logs and enjoy the night life of the wilds as well as the daytime out-of-doors. A fireplace really makes a living room, for its very presence indicates rest, good cheer and good fellowship. The stone mantel may be as wide and as high as desired, but it is best not to have the fireplace opening too large, as a small one will throw out more heat and less fuel will be required.

A two-room cabin may be made comfortable and practicable for sleeping purposes by building bunks, steamer fashion, against the side walls. By the use of curtains and screens privacy may be obtained, and the bunks take up very little room. The living room of course may be used as a dining room, thus making three rooms in one. A small shed room will answer very well for a kitchen, and a box with wire shelves, hung from a tree branch just outside the door or window, will make a cool, convenient pan-



MOUNTAIN HOUSE VERANDA, SHOWING CEDAR PILLARS ON STONE FOUNDATION.

try. The veranda is, of course, a pleasant feature of the cabin, but it is not absolutely essential, as in the woods all outdoors is an open veranda and the greater part of camp life is carried on in the open.

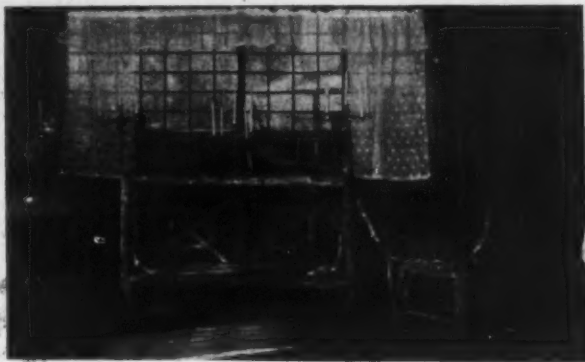
The interior finish and furnishing of a mountain camp give great scope for origi-

THE CHARM OF MOUNTAIN CAMPS

ality and the expression of individuality. Some have ceiling beams with great scorched logs, and walls either covered with burlap or Japanese matting, or left bare, with logs, slabs or stones exposed. Then there may be latticed windows hung with gay chintz or cretonne, window seats piled with bright pillows, and all sorts of rustic furniture made by hand as an occupation to wile away the abundant leisure of camp life. If a man is clever with tools he finds the pleasantest recreation of the year in collecting the materials for his own rustic furniture, and making it himself. Such work is play, and a delightful diversion after a long siege of looking after business affairs. Busy at his work bench; which very likely is a fallen tree trunk under the friendly shade of pine or oak, he forgets that life holds such a thing as worry, or grief or possible failure.

The mountain camps shown in these illustrations are of a rather more ambitious character than is usually seen in the mere cabin. The log hut, while simple enough in line, has a very modern and obviously watertight tile roof, and the long board cabin, in spite

The sideboard is rather ornate, but its very elaboration is the best evidence of the fun its owner had in designing it and putting it together, and the pleasure that came to him with the discovery of each curved piece of wood that accommodatingly fitted itself into place because it grew that way. The Greek chair might be rather hard to move, but it



DINING ROOM FURNITURE,
DESIGNED BY DR. BAYLISS.

looks comfortable enough, and the big living room table could never by any chance be tipped over. The use of a rustic screen over the fireside seat in the living room carries out very charmingly the idea of the interior, and the presence of a tree with all its branches left on gives a singularly decorative effect to the side of the room.

Another detail that is interesting is the use of massive cedar logs as porch pillars to hold up the pergola construction overhead. There are so many possibilities in this use of tree trunks, boughs and branches, that it is an endless incentive to invention of all sorts, and the long idle hours of mountain life give a man plenty of leisure to exercise his native ingenuity in all

sorts of contrivances and quaint decorative effects that are entirely unhampered by the need for conventionality. In the ordinary country home rustic furniture and sometimes rustic pillars are permissible, but they must be smoothed down into some semblance of more finished work if they are to be brought at all into harmony with civilization. But in the mountains fancy



RUSTIC FURNITURE, DESIGNED AND MADE
BY DR. J. M. BAYLISS, PINE CREST, CAL.

of the rustic rail and pillars of the porch, is almost too smooth for the woods. The interiors are better, because one sees here the picturesqueness that is made possible by the use of rustic furniture, and realizes the pleasure that must have been found in the making of these massive chairs and tables.

USE AND ABUSE OF CONCRETE

may run riot, and if one pillar or chair or table does not satisfy, it only means a few hours' work to make another.

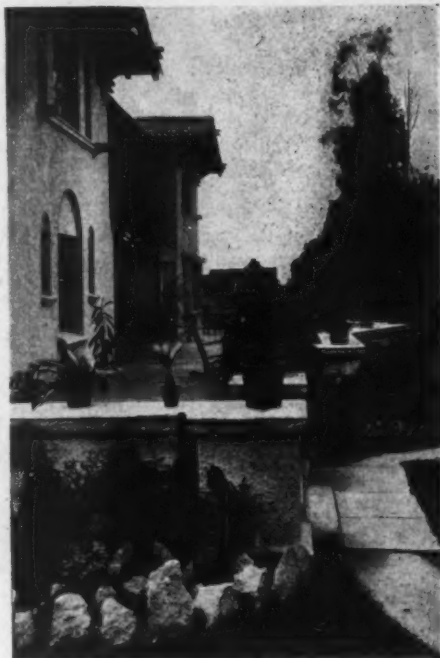
Some man who had a genuine liking for his work made the cabin door that harmonizes so well with the rough wall of brick and stone. This door is not only most interesting in construction, but has an appearance of strength that is entirely in keeping with the suggestion of defense that seems so natural to a shelter in the wilderness, and so absurd in the house built in a town or city. It is quite true that in town we often need shelter much more than we do in the mountains, but we do not stop to think of that, and this massive door with its cross braces conveys as much of a suggestion of safety against all foes as do the thick stone walls on either side of it.

THE VALUE OF CONCRETE TO THE MODERN BUILDING WORLD: BY R. MARSHALL

THE interesting history of concrete has already been told so many times that it is needless for us to go back to the Pyramids and the Appian Way, dwelling on its antiquity and following it down through the centuries to the present time of the successful concrete skyscraper. The value of this material as a building medium of modern times is beyond calculation. We have only to consider the devastation of our forests and the increased building opportunities all over the country to realize the necessity of some such practical material, which is not only durable, but extremely picturesque and beautiful in the hands of the artist.

On the other hand, it is worth stopping to consider how much this material has suffered in the hands of its enthusiastic friends, who have not been satisfied with its own intrinsic value, but who have felt that it must seem to imitate other materials and win appreciation as a makeshift, as a substitute for something valuable. Naturally this point of view cannot last, as a substance so widely useful as concrete must eventually receive its proper valuation and be recognized as one of the important building materials, as significant as granite or marble or stone or brick, entirely different but equally definite and interesting.

Many of us who most admire concrete do not know its actual ingredients, and if we are interested in a material of this sort



VIEW OF CONCRETE HOUSE AND TERRACE

it is well to know all about it. Concrete is a mass of cement, clean well-graded sand and coarser particles, such as gravel, crushed stone or slag. Theoretically this mass is voidless. In its making, enough water is used to effect the chemical action known as "crystallization" in the cement. The paste formed by the cement and water coats thoroughly each grain of sand, and the mortar thus formed coats each large particle, as gravel. No two sand grains touch each other, and the coarser aggregates are held apart (and together!) by the sand-cement-water mixture. This is the theory, and good honest concrete should come pretty close to living up to this standard.

So this is the material known as concrete. Nothing deceptive, nothing dishonest. Just a scientifically assembled selection of natural elements. Properly made, concrete is impervious to water, resists fire better than any other known building material, and when applied with intelligence, makes for better, safer, dryer, warmer, cleaner homes.

The point is, its advocates have too often deemed it necessary to make concrete resemble something else. The material is so

USE AND ABUSE OF CONCRETE



A CONCRETE HOUSE IN MANSION STYLE.

plastic and accommodates itself with such nicety to the most intricate molds that the temptation is strong to distort it from its true form and make counterfeit stone or petrified roses.

There are many builders and many architects who are striving to use concrete as it should be used—are educating builders to the idea that concrete is a separate, individual building material with a charm of its own, dependent upon no other material. These men are working with the craftsman spirit, and it is to explain just what these men accomplish that these words are written; for of all available materials, concrete is *the* one of which craftsman homes should be built.

The latent beauties of true concrete are easily brought out—they lie so near the surface that it seems a pity that so often they are not uncovered, a simple process, involving but two steps, always assuming that the artisan is honest and intelligent and makes a good concrete; first, the “aggregates”—coarser particles forming the compact mass—should be selected with some care with a view to variety of shape and color; second, the finished concrete should be given such a surface treatment as will expose these “aggregates” near the surface much as woods are treated to bring out the grain.

Concrete that is poured into forms, whether these forms

are the boards used in building solid walls or the sides of the mold box on a block machine, generally presents a surface of dull gray, with here a bit of gravel and there a patch of rich cement mortar showing. The simple problem is to etch this film of mortar from all of the coarse particles and expose them. This may be done by applying a wash of muriatic acid and water, brushing it into the concrete with a stiff brush and then washing off the acid solution with clean water, or by applying to the surface a light sand blast. By either method the dull monotonous effect is made to disappear and the concrete surface, no



FENCE POSTS AND PILLAR CAPS OF CONCRETE.

USE AND ABUSE OF CONCRETE



INTERESTING EFFECT OF A CONCRETE TERRACE.

matter how extensive it may be, is given life and beauty.

For concrete to be treated in this way, river gravel of varied sizes and different hues may be used for the coarse particles. Crushed field stone gives excellent effects, due to the presence of dull reds and dark purples. Crushed limestone results in a concrete more uniform in color, but presenting peaks and valleys upon which the sunlight plays to advantage. Crushed slag has been used, resulting in somber browns and blacks. This treatment of concrete surfaces may be applied in building any craftsman home, unless the structure is of stucco construction. It might be well clearly to define the different forms of concrete in building residences.

Reinforced concrete consists of concrete poured in wood or metal forms placed in position and reinforced with steel rods or wire mesh before the concrete is poured. House walls built in this way are generally solid and this form of construction is the most expensive.

In some instances thick walls are molded of concrete which is poured in its plastic state between rigid forms of wood or metal, without reinforcement. These walls may be solid or hollow. In both these cases the forms remain around the concrete until the latter has "set."

Concrete stucco construction resembles in application the method of building "plaster" houses a decade ago. A wood frame is

erected, and on the up-rights, or to the sheathing, is attached metal lath to which is applied two or three coats of cement mortar. Cement mortar may be applied in the same way to old walls of brick or stone or solid concrete. This form of construction, with the wood frame, costs about as much as brick veneer and is not absolutely fireproof.

Concrete molded in the form of blocks, solid or hollow, is used extensively in home building. Concrete brick are also popular in many parts of the

country. These forms are cheaper than clay brick, cheaper than solid concrete and, properly handled, give satisfaction.

The treatment of concrete surfaces referred to above makes reinforced and monolithic concrete excellent forms of residence construction. In the case of concrete block and brick, the same excellent effects may be obtained, at less cost, for the selected aggregates need be used only in the facing on the block or brick. There is no complaint against the concrete building block as a block of concrete. As long as it remains unmasked, it is excellent. The complaints of dampness, monotony and dullness may easily be taken care of. It is only when the concrete block masquerades as a piece of granite or as Carrara marble that we object to it as a cheat. True, there are concrete blocks that are successful in their deceit, but always at the expense of their own individuality and their own peculiar, inherent charm. It is only by hiding these that they pass as something else. So long as the deception is quite uncalled for and really gains nothing, why should it be tolerated?

Concrete offers the chance for artistic treatment that no natural stone does. Given a block of sandstone, the artist must depend upon his tools—his work necessarily must be mechanical. But with concrete he starts at the very beginning—he dictates the very structure and texture of the material.

Not alone by surface etching may concrete be made artistic. Witness the work of the man who wished to build an artistic

PERMANENT PIGMENTS ON A COAL-TAR BASE

entrance to his grounds. He elected to mold four massive posts of concrete, each one, say, 30 inches square and 6 feet high. He built box forms with these inside dimensions, running the narrow boards of the sides horizontally. He left small cracks between the boards and upon pouring the wet mass of concrete, some of the mixture flowed out through these spaces. He let the posts harden and carefully removed the box forms. Instead of going over the surface with a rubbing brick and smoothing it off, he left all these little "fins" molded in the cracks in the forms. The result is a massive, rugged gateway that looks like no stone or brick that was ever made by Nature or by man. Green vines trailing over the rough background of gray—the result is artistic and legitimate. The posts are concrete and only concrete.

So we see that not only in the home, but in the garden, the lawn and the wood, concrete may be used to produce effects at once artistic and satisfactory. The uses of concrete about the home make a list too long to reproduce here. Besides my purpose has been merely to give concrete the square deal that it merits—to indicate in a small way its artistic possibilities and to acquit it of the common charge of deception.

That Craftsman homes are excellently executed in concrete, there can be no argument. In all forms except stucco, the latent values of the material are easily and wonderfully brought out. In stucco construction there has been small chance for deception. The many surface finishes given to stucco make it a favorite form of residence building, owing to its comparatively low cost. A Craftsman home of concrete, with green things trailing over the grays and dull reds and deep blues of the exterior, and an interior at once sanitary, cool in summer, warm in winter, fireproof and damp-proof—can more be asked?

PERMANENT PIGMENTS ON A COAL-TAR BASE

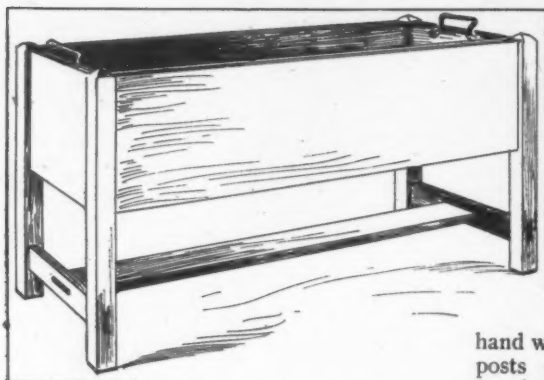
THE fading of oil paintings is one of the most serious difficulties with which the artist has to contend. In spite of all the searching for the secrets of the old masters whose colors still remain fresh and glowing, ten or fifteen years is sufficient to make a marked difference in the color of almost any modern painting.

Especially has this been the case with pigments of a tarry origin, and many efforts have been made to produce either a paint or a dye based on coal tar that would hold its color as well as the more primitive products. The greater brilliancy of the coal-tar colors, their clarity and the flexibility with which they lend themselves to subtle shadings, has tempted many a hapless artist to attempt their use, but in spite of all efforts to fix permanently the bright and delicate hues, they have faded and altered with discouraging swiftness.

Therefore it is interesting to learn that at last a preparation of coal tar has been developed in three colors that are said to be as permanent as the best of the natural colors. These are violet, red and yellow, very rich and clear, and exhaustive experimenting has proven that even the well-tried alizarin reds, hitherto supposed the only trustworthy colors obtainable from coal tar, must yield to them in the matter of durability. A process that can be applied to one set of colors can surely be extended to include others, and if this new discovery is as good as it is said to be, it means the solving of a great many difficulties for the artist.

So far the question of durability has been the great stumbling block in the way of experts who have been instrumental in developing the modern methods of painting and dyeing. The widespread prejudice against coal-tar dyes is based almost entirely upon their lack of stability as compared with the more primitive vegetable dyes which either retain their color value or, when they fade, give a softer and mellower color that grows more subtle and beautiful with each succeeding year. The immense range of the coal-tar colors, and the ease with which they are prepared and used, have always held forth a promise of greatly increased power to both the painter and the artist in dyes, so that experiments to develop the one lacking quality of durability have been practically unceasing. These have been much more successful with regard to dyes than they have in the case of painters' colors, and the possibilities that lie in the right use of these modern dye-stuffs will be remembered by those of our readers who followed the interesting series of articles on dyeing by Professor Charles Pellew, published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* during the years 1908-9.

CRAFTSMAN, CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK



CRAFTSMAN FLOWER BOX WITH METAL PAN.

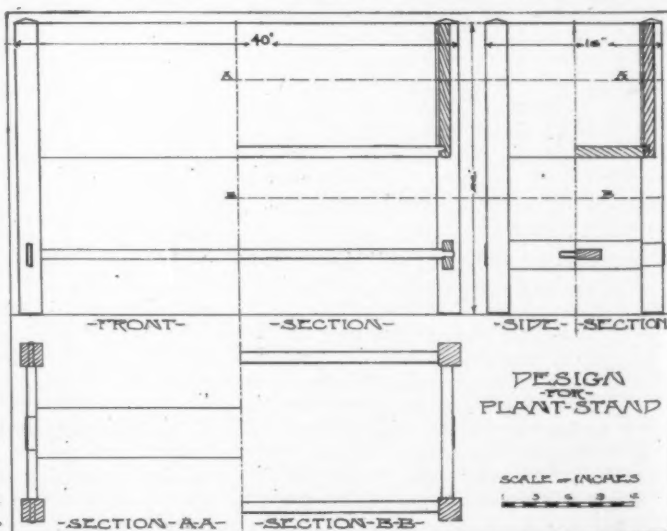
CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR HOME CABINET-MAKERS AND METAL-WORKERS

THE plant stand given this month for home cabinet-workers is made in the shape of a long box or trough which, filled with plants, would give much the same effect as a window box. It would be very decorative if placed just in front of a window or group of windows, as by that means an unbroken mass of bloom might be secured. As suggested here, the stand is 40 inches long, 16 inches wide and 26 inches high. The construction is solid and substantial, and the effect is fairly massive, but not enough so to be heavy and clumsy. The posts should measure 2 inches square, and the end rails 3 inches wide. The stock used for the ends and sides is $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch, and for the bottom $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch. The stretcher below the box should be $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. In making this piece the sides and ends are doweled to the post, and the bottom is riveted into the sides and ends after they are in position. A check of about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch should be

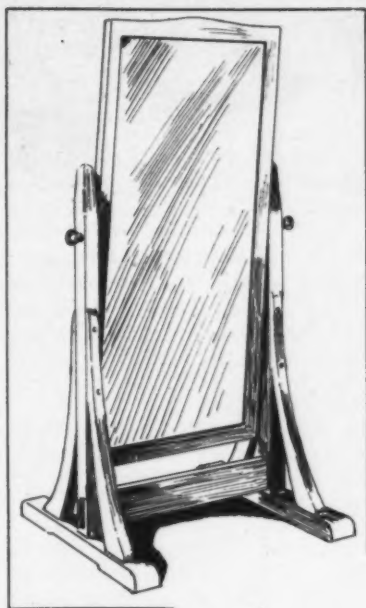
allowed on the inside. Then the end rails and stretcher should be mortised together, with the tenons projecting slightly through the rails. The rails in turn are mortised through the posts and made firm with dowel pins. Careful attention should be given to the finishing of this piece, and also to the selection of the wood, as the straight plain boards which form the sides will show to the best advantage in beauty of texture, grain or surface, and on the other

hand will mercilessly reveal all defects. The posts are rounded at the top, and are beveled a little at the bottom to prevent splitting. A copper or zinc pan should be made to slip inside the frame with the rim resting all around on the top, and not quite touching the bottom. This pan is very easy to make, provided the home cabinetmaker has any knowledge of metal work. The edge should be turned over a brass wire about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, and wrought iron or brass handles should be made and riveted to each end as shown in the illustration.

The cheval glass and stand will form a fairly conspicuous piece of bedroom furniture. It measures 70 inches high over all. The width of the frame is 30 inches, and the base 24 inches. The construction of the frame holding the glass is much the same as that of any mirror frame. A rabbet is sawed out in the back of the frame, allow-



CRAFTSMAN CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK

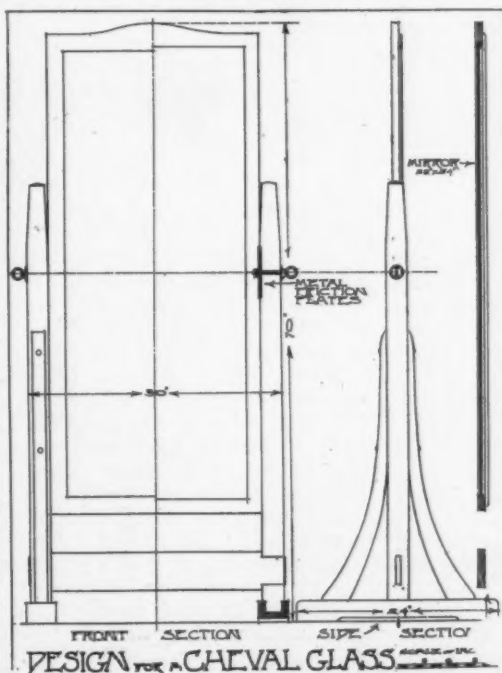


CRAFTSMAN CHEVAL GLASS.

ing about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch at each angle. The glass should fit snugly in this, with not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch play to allow for the shrinking and swelling of the frame. The glass is then firmly fastened to the frame by corner blocks placed 3 or 4 inches apart, and tacked right against the edge of the mirror. Then a back piece about $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch thick is screwed to the frame, and a metal pivot or plate is countersunk into the outer edge at either side. The middle of these plates should be reinforced or made thicker to allow for drilling and the cutting of threads. Then pins, either $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch in diameter, are screwed into the plates. The standard should be very firmly and carefully made after a careful study of the details of construction as shown in the working drawing. The curved brackets on either side are doweled to the center posts, and also to the feet, the dowels being rounded and allowed to project about $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch above the surface. The posts are mortised into the feet and so carefully fastened that no amount of wear can shake them. The standard is further strengthened by a stout stretcher which is mortised between the two posts. Near the top

of the standard a metal plate is mortised on the inside of each post, so that the two will come directly opposite the plates that are mortised in the edge of the mirror frame. A hole is then drilled through each post which allows the pin or binding screw to slip through, and a metal washer is screwed to the outer edge of the post with countersunk head screws. The binding screws are made with a ring or thumb knob at the outer end, so that the mirror which swings upon these pins may be adjusted easily.

The tea table, which is meant to stand in the living room or on the veranda to hold the service for afternoon tea, is made low, the best height being 26 inches. The top is 24 inches in diameter, the center post 4 inches square and the feet 4 inches wide by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. In making this table the feet should first be cut and fitted as shown in section B-B of the working drawing. Each foot is halved, one lapping over the other, and the center post is mortised through both as shown in the same section. At the top four skids or cleats are also halved and fastened to the top of the post by cutting out through each side of the post a mortise of the same thickness as the skids, so that the latter may be sunk into



CRAFTSMAN CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK



DEEP METAL PAN.

METAL CUP.

SHALLOW METAL PAN.

the top of the post until the surfaces are flush. The skids should be doweled to the post and glued. The brackets are cut as shown in the drawing, and are doweled to the post and feet in the same way as described in the construction of the mirror.



CRAFTSMAN TEA TABLE WITH COPPER TRAY.

The top, which should be made and joined with great care, is screwed to the skids, using two screws on each side. These screws should work in slots rather than screw holes, to allow for the expansion and shrinkage of the top in damp or dry weather.

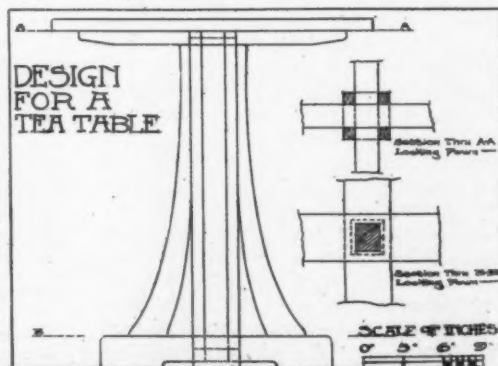
The copper tray is hammered into shape in the way we have so often described. For a table of this size it should measure 22 inches in diameter and be $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch deep. The edges are bent over a brass or copper wire, and the handles are made of wrought copper with the ends flared and riveted to the outside rim of the tray.

FOR metal workers we give three very simple pieces in addition to the tea tray just described. The deep

pan with handles may be made in any size, but for daily use in the kitchen it might better measure 12 inches in diameter at the top, 9 inches across the bottom and 6 inches in height. It should be made of No. 20 gauge copper. The bottom is brazed to the sides, the method being precisely the same as that described so thoroughly in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October, 1909. The handles are of wrought copper, with the ends flared and riveted to the pan.

The second illustration represents a cup which is made in the same manner as the pan. The edges of all these pieces are turned over brass or copper wires to give greater strength. Iron wire should never be used for this purpose, as it will rust through. As represented here, the cup is 7 inches in diameter at the top, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches across the bottom and 9 inches high.

The third illustration represents a shallow pan, 14 inches in diameter at the top, 10 inches across the bottom and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height over all. The depth inside of the pan is 3 inches, allowing for a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flange at the bottom. The bottom of this pan is cut in a disk shape, leaving an edge of about 1 inch which is turned down all around and slipped up from the under side and soldered.



ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ALS IK KAN

WHAT THE RAILROADS ARE DOING FOR FARMING IN THE EAST

SIR Horace Plunkett tells us that when we induce the business man, alert, progressive and well trained in modern methods, to turn his attention to farming, the country life problem in America will be solved. His own experience in Ireland has convinced him of this, and the brief account we give in this issue of the experimental demonstration farm established by the Long Island Railroad upon the barren wastes in the interior of the Island furnishes us with an object lesson which we will do well to heed.

The farmer is conservative, because there is nothing in farming as it is carried on here in the East to make him otherwise. The fact that he is so largely dependent upon the caprices of Nature for the success or failure of his crops tends to make him something of a fatalist, and the isolation of farm life shuts him away from the daily opportunities and contests which sharpen the wits of the city man and make him alert to seize every advantage and forestall, if possible, every calamity.

But, deep-rooted as it seems, this conservatism is more a habit than anything else. The grain raisers and fruit growers of the West, who control the whole situation so far as they are concerned because they manage the raising and marketing of their products in the same way that a keen business man manages the manufacture and sale of whatever commodity he has made his own, are nearly all Eastern farmers or the sons of farmers who have gone West. Their alertness and progressiveness is perhaps partly due to the change from Eastern conditions into new surroundings which make more demand upon the qualities of enterprise and initiative. They are not so rooted in traditional customs that they cannot take a hint when they see that another man is making more money by doing business in a different way from their own. Therefore, they have joined themselves into efficient organizations through which they control the disposal of their crops, and they avail themselves to the fullest degree of coöperative methods in bringing their orchards, fields and gardens to the highest state of health and productiveness. A man who will allow scale or blight to get into his orchard without doing anything about it

is regarded by his neighbors very much as a cattle thief used to be in the days when cattle were the chief source of income in the West. Also, the grower who attempts to palm off imperfect or badly packed fruit as first-class goods is very likely to be thrown out of his organization, for it is a matter of honor no less than business interest to keep the grading of the fruit absolutely above suspicion.

The reason why these two demonstration farms on Long Island are succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectations of the railroad company that established them, is because the president of the company had the common sense to give the entire control of them to a Western man who is applying the well-tested Western methods. If a laboratory exists on either farm it is kept in the background and, so far as the outsider can see, every suggestion that is made regarding crops or cultivation is founded upon practical experience and plain "horse sense." Because this is so, the demonstration farm is proving genuinely useful not only to the city men who go out there filled with enthusiasm for developing little farms of their own, and keen to take advantage of every suggestion which may help them make a success, but even the old farmers long established in their own ways and hating any innovation. The Department of Agriculture might send out bulletins until the printing press is worn out, and State experiment stations might experiment till the end of time for all the average farmer cares. But show him sturdy healthy fruit trees, bending under the weight of fruit and without a sign of scale or any other pest, and tell him how it was done, and the chances are that he will see the advisability of spraying and pruning in a way that will produce the same results. Again, if he sees that a little more "know how" will produce vegetables and berries that bring fancy prices when they are well packed, he is likely to admit that it pays better to take the extra trouble than it does to drudge along in the same old way. The farmer is not averse to work; he has always worked. All he needs is the inducement to work in the right way, and the incentive to make good in an organization of farmers who are doing the same thing and perhaps doing it a little better.

The work of the Department of Agriculture is immensely valuable, and the State Agricultural Colleges are doing wonders for

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the farming of the future. But when it comes down to immediate results the railroads, working entirely on a business basis and for their own interests as well as those of the people living in the territory which they cover, are really "delivering the goods." Where would the Northwest have been without the development set on foot by James J. Hill? Look what the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Road has done for New Mexico and Southern California. Think of the work done for the preservation of trees and the reforestation of denuded tracts by the Forestry Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The instances might be multiplied indefinitely, for in the territory of each and every railroad there are some conditions which require changing and developing before the business of the common carrier will be on a paying basis. These big transportation companies make no pretense of a philanthropic intention, but the result is better than philanthropy, for it is simply the application of well-trying and successful business methods to conditions that hitherto have been as remote from business as they well could be. If the work, which up to the present time has been confined to the development of large tracts of new country, gets down to smaller enterprises, like that on Long Island, which directly affect the welfare of the people and the efficiency of the farming population, it will not be long before the relations between the transportation companies and the people living along their lines will cease to be antagonistic, because conditions have been established which make them mutually helpful and friendly. Also, such a state of affairs will do much to eliminate speculation in railroad stock. The natural stockholders are the people living in the territory covered by the railroad, and any sort of real business coöperation between them and the railroad company cannot but result in a better understanding on both sides. When this is established we will see fewer rate wars, and there will be no need for the railroads to control legislation by dishonest means. What if the development of any given stretch of territory is done primarily for selfish reasons? Whatever the origin of the work, it is good in itself, and it will do its own part in helping along the period of the square deal, which after all does not mean philanthropy, but simply that each man may grasp the opportunity to do his best.

HOW BEST TO HELP THE CAUSE OF CONSERVATION

WE take the greatest pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a little booklet that is now being sent out from the Washington headquarters of the National Conservation Association to everyone who is interested enough in this overwhelmingly important work to become a member of the Association or to aid its efforts in any way.

It will be remembered that the work of the National Conservation Commission was stopped by Representative Tawney of Minnesota, who refused to recognize it in the Sundry Civil Bill passed by the 61st Congress, and that the whole movement found itself seriously hampered for lack of a national organization. The work of the Commission has been important to a degree, for it had prepared the first inventory of natural resources ever made by any nation, and when it was discontinued the Commission was taking up a task equally vital to the conservation movement in serving as the medium for coöperation among State Conservation Commissions, and Conservation Committees representing the great industries.

The place of the National Conservation Commission was immediately taken by the Joint Committee on Conservation, a body supported by private funds and wholly unconnected with the Government. Had it not been for this Committee, the discontinuance of the National Conservation Commission would have been even more serious in its results, but the urgent national need was for an organization open to every man and woman who stood for conservation, which would give them immediate opportunity for united and effective work. Therefore, a year ago the National Conservation Association was organized by a group of men who had led in the fight for conservation. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, was made President of the Association, but when Mr. Gifford Pinchot was removed from the Government service by President Taft, Dr. Eliot immediately resigned, nominating Mr. Pinchot as his successor.

Under such effective leadership the work has gone on vigorously and efficiently. The Association coöperates closely with State Conservation Associations so far as they exist, and by organized effort the central

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Association brings to the wise settlement of local conservation questions the prompt support of other forces enlisted in the fight to preserve our natural resources. Collaborators are appointed in towns and cities to spread a knowledge of the work and purpose of the Association, and to keep watch upon all legislation within the conservation field. These local representatives are men and women prominent in the conservation movement, who are willing to give of their own time and effort to the furtherance of the cause. The central Association is thus enabled to keep thoroughly in touch with everything that affects conservation. It is drafting and recommending both to Congress and State legislatures good laws for conserving our natural resources, and through its bulletins it is telling its members promptly and plainly when and how to strike. Its influence upon legislation is already making itself felt, but its leaders feel that the work has only begun and that they need the coöperation of every thinking man and woman who deems it worth while to make an effort to see that the resources of the public domain, of which every American citizen is part owner, are used and held for the permanent benefit of the whole people. Acting individually, no American citizen can get good conservation laws passed or keep bad laws from passing, but acting together the people can stop unregulated monopoly of our natural resources and can ensure that resources already privately owned, but essential to the public welfare, are held not merely for personal gain, but as a public trust.

As to the principles for which the leaders of the conservation movement are fighting, the story is told most clearly and succinctly in their own words:

"The National Conservation Association is fighting for the prompt and orderly development of our natural resources, for the welfare of ourselves and our children, and for the rights of the plain people. The Association is bound neither by political considerations nor official connections. It is free to speak the whole truth.

"That conservation means the use of our natural resources for the benefit of us all and not merely for the profit of a few is already household knowledge. The task which the National Conservation Association has set itself is to get this principle into practical effect.

"The question is not simply whether our

natural resources shall be conserved or whether they shall be destroyed. The ultimate question is, For whom shall the natural resources be conserved and who shall reap the benefit? On one side are the highly organized forces which have fattened upon unregulated monopoly and which are striving for government by money for profit. On the other side are the plain American citizens who are striving for government by men for human welfare. The real reason why conservation has the support of all the people is that it is a moral issue.

"The National Conservation Association advocates definite and practical measures for the conservation of our natural resources. It is opposing, and will continue to oppose, all measures, legislative or administrative, from whatever source, in conflict with conservation.

"The Association urges the protection of the source waters of navigable streams through the purchase or control by the Nation of the necessary land within their drainage basins; the enactment and enforcement by State and Nation of effective laws for forest fire patrol in all forests, whether publicly or privately owned; the public regulation of timber cutting on all forest lands whose conservation is essential to the public welfare; the separation for purposes of taxation of the timber from the land on which it grows; and the support and extension of practical forestry.

"For the conservation and fullest immediate use of inland waters the Association holds as essential the preparation, by a commission appointed by the President of the United States, of a comprehensive plan for waterway improvement extending to all the uses of the waters and the benefits to be derived from their control. It is striving for the incorporation in all future water-power grants by State and Nation, of adequate provision for prompt development on pain of forfeiture, payment of reasonable compensation periodically readjusted, the limitation of the grant to fifty years, and recognition of the rights of the appropriate public authorities to regulate rates of service.

"The Association advocates legislation whereby the title to the surface of public lands and to the minerals therein shall be granted separately; and it holds as necessary to the public welfare the conservation and control of the unappropriated public

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range lands by the Government in the interests of the stockman and homemakers and subject at all times to homestead entry.

"The Association stands for the retention by the Government of the title to all public lands still publicly owned which contain phosphate rock, coal, oil or natural gas, and their development by private enterprise under terms that will prevent extortion and waste. And it urges the enactment of legislation to prolong our coal supply, to reduce waste in mining, and to safeguard human life in the mines.

"Finally, the Association will strive to further all legislation wisely designed to diminish sickness, prevent accident, and increase the joy and comfort of American life, believing that human efficiency, health and happiness are natural resources quite as important as forests, waters, land and minerals."

Each booklet contains a membership blank, giving particulars as to terms of membership. If you are interested in the subject send for one, addressing your request to the National Conservation Association, Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

REVIEWS

AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP: BY E. L. VOYNICH

MRS. Voynich's strange psychological novel, "The Gadfly," prepared the way for an even more subtle study of the tortuous ways of the human soul which she calls "An Interrupted Friendship." It is, in a way, a sequel to "The Gadfly," but unlike most sequels it does not pick up the story where the first book left off and carry it on to a conclusion. Instead of that, it is itself the story of the lost thirteen years that intervene between the first and second parts of "The Gadfly." The strange, compelling personality of *The Gadfly* dominates this book as it did the other, although he is supposed to play but a secondary part in the development of the plot. In the beginning of the story the reader is introduced to a French family of whom the most interesting members are the *Marquis de Martourelles*, who belongs to the old noblesse; his second son *René*, and his little crippled daughter *Marguerite*, who has been sent away to be brought up at the home of an intensely pious maiden aunt. The child's passionate revolt against priestly domination and her rescue by *René*, who

comes back to his French home after five or six years spent at an English school, is the real opening of the story. There is a deep understanding and sympathy between the brother and sister, and a devotion so unselfish that when there appears to be a chance for *Marguerite* to be cured of the malady that keeps her a bedridden invalid, *René* joins a geographical expedition that is about to explore the wilds of South America because in no other way can he earn so quickly the money for the necessary course of treatment.

There he meets a strange, haunting, appealing creature whom those familiar with the earlier book instantly recognize as the boy *Arthur Burton*, changed by years of hardship, privation and inconceivable torture to the being known later as *The Gadfly*. He has been a slave, a circus clown,—anything and everything by which he could keep wretched body and wretched soul together until he could carry out his great purpose of returning to wreak vengeance on the Church in Italy. *René* is the means of his being engaged as interpreter to the expedition, and from doubt and keen antagonism a warm affection springs up between the two and they become like brothers. In this book *Arthur* has already assumed the name of *Felix Rivarez*, by which he is known in the latter part of "The Gadfly," and he gives to *René* something of the idealistic devotion that, as the boy *Arthur*, he had given to *The Padre*. In *René's* life *Felix* comes next to *Marguerite*, and after the expedition returns to France the friendship is kept up. At first *Marguerite* is fiercely jealous of the "black jaguar," as she calls him, who claims so great a share of her brother's attention, but finally she too succumbs to the spell of that irresistible personality, and her wits, preternaturally keen in any case and sharpened almost to clairvoyance by her love for the man, pierce through his disguise and piece together something of the outline of his history. Both *René* and *Felix* are unconscious of this until finally, in a burst of anguish, *Marguerite* reveals to *Felix* that she knows something of his past life. As apparently there could be no possible way of her finding out the secret unless *René* had told her, and as *René* knew nothing except what had been revealed by *Felix* himself in delirium, the overstrained sensitiveness of the man leaps to the conclusion that he has been betrayed again, and by his

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best friend. It is characteristic of him that he makes no scene, utters no accusation, but simply gives a reception, invites all his friends, makes a jesting tale of an incident which he and René mutually regard as sacred to their friendship in South America, and leaves for Vienna. Not long afterward they hear of his execution in a Papal fortress.

The book is absolutely incomprehensible to anyone who has not read "The Gadfly," but, given this key to its meaning, it is a masterly exposition of the distortion under untold suffering of an exquisitely idealistic nature. The strange magnetism of *The Gadfly* himself is felt even more strongly in this book than in the other. It is hard to conceive that an individuality so vividly, thrillingly alive can be a mere creation of the author's fancy. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 401 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

THE RURAL LIFE PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES: BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

THE problem of rural life in America, as Sir Horace Plunkett sees it, is not unlike that which he has coped with so successfully in his own country, for the crux of it lies in the failure of the farmer to adopt business methods in both farming and marketing and so make himself a part of the great business organization of the nation. This book is by no means the usual foreign criticism of American conditions. Sir Horace Plunkett spent ten years ranching and farming in the West, and throughout all his activities at home in Ireland he has been a close student of rural conditions in this country, so that he is thoroughly familiar with his subject. The early part of the book is devoted to a clear and succinct statement of the situation as it exists. Therefore its subject matter is fairly familiar to anyone who has made a study of the country life question, and its chief value would be to foreigners or to Americans who have no clear idea of the problem as a whole.

But in the last two chapters the author goes straight to what he believes to be the solution. In the first place, he advocates earnestly the adoption of what we know here in the East as the Western methods of farming; that is, the organization of farmers into large business associations; coöperation in the ownership and use of

farm machinery, in the facilities afforded for packing and marketing, and ordinary business methods applied to the shipment and sale of the produce. A number of these associations exist, but what we need, according to Sir Horace Plunkett, is a coördination of these separate bodies into a nation-wide association similar to the National Conservation Association. To this end he urges that the country life movement be closely connected with the conservation movement, of which it is logically a part, and that a temporary body be created for the purpose of five years' active propaganda for the formation of local organizations all over the country under the guidance of a permanent central body. In addition to this he recommends the establishment of a Country Life Institute for the purpose of prolonged economic and social inquiry over a wide field, so that the experience of other countries may be studied and made immediately available, thus carrying on a world-wide interchange of discovery and experience in the best methods of farming. (Published by The Macmillan Company. 174 pages. Price, \$1.25.)

MODERN CABINET WORK, FURNITURE AND FITMENTS: BY PERCY A. WELLS AND JOHN HOOPER

CRAFT workers in this country will welcome warmly an exhaustive work on modern cabinetmaking, written by Mr. Percy A. Wells,—who is at the head of the Cabinet Department in the Shoreditch Technical Institute in London, and advisory instructor of the Central School of Arts and Crafts,—in collaboration with Mr. John Hooper, a prominent member of the City and Guilds of London Institute and also of the Carpenters' Company. The special value of the book lies in the fact that it illustrates step by step the practice of the craft of cabinetmaking in all its applications, from the making of a joint to the preparation, setting out and complete construction of the many types of furniture and woodwork which the cabinetmaker is called upon to make. It is written with reference to modern processes and materials, and is designed to meet the needs of craftsmen and workers engaged in the trade as well as those of home workers who are interested in furniture. There are seventeen chapters, each one profusely illustrated with drawings and diagrams of tools, details that show methods of workmanship,

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and drawings and photographs of completed pieces. The first chapter deals at length with tools, appliances and materials, giving pictures of all the various sorts, their technical names and uses, the care of them, and a description of all the materials needed in a cabinetmaker's workshop. Following this is a chapter devoted to drawing, geometry and design, which tells the workman exactly what he needs of the theoretical side of his craft and how best to go about the necessary training.

The succeeding chapters are given to workshop practice, including detailed instructions in setting out and preparing stuff, making all sorts of joints and dovetailing, cutting tenons, mortising, making doors and drawers, building up curved work, making tables of all kinds, and so leading by degrees up to the construction of more elaborate furniture. The greater part of the book is devoted to the careful technical instruction, but there is also a chapter on the historic styles of furniture, with examples of furniture by modern designers, and another on the various sorts of woods and the best methods of handling them. At the end of the volume is a glossary of technical and workshop terms, names and references, and a list of books on historic furniture. (American edition published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated with half-tones and line drawings. 384 pages. Price, \$5.00 net.)

THE INSPIRATION OF POETRY: BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

EIGHT lectures on the source of poetic energy, given by Mr. George Edward Woodberry before the Lowell Institute in Boston four years ago, have been gathered together in a book under the title of "The Inspiration of Poetry." Mr. Woodberry introduces his subject with a chapter on the origin and varying expressions of the poetic madness, which throughout the ages has made all poets a race apart. It is only in modern times that they have come to be regarded merely as men endowed with the gifts of vivid imagination and power of expression,—or perhaps it is that the understanding of the rest of mankind has risen to a level so much higher than that of the old days, that poets no longer tower far above the rest of humanity or regard themselves as being possessed of any form of madness, divine or otherwise.

Mr. Woodberry instances Kit Marlowe as the very type of the mad extravagant

poet whose life was burned up by the fires of uncontrolled genius; the man who impressed his stamp upon the whole literature of the Elizabethan age. Another phase of poetic genius is shown in the Portuguese Camoens, the maker of the great modern epic in which was told the story of his own changeful and adventurous life. Byron naturally stands high in the list of men favored by the gods with the "divine afflatus," but Mr. Woodberry finds the source of his genius in the impression made upon him by the sunny lands that border the Mediterranean Sea, and attributes his power over the thought of his age to the fact that people were more than ready to welcome poetry that brought to them the glamour of romance and of the East. Gray is selected as a typical minor poet, whose music was all in a quiet key, and Tasso is chosen to exemplify the subtle genius of his country and time. Lucretius, the prophet of the reign of reason in place of paganism, closes the list of the six poets who represent the different types of poetic genius, and the impression of the whole is summed up in a scholarly and delightful essay on the theory of inspiration considered from an abstract point of view. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 232 pages. Price, \$1.25.)

HOME DECORATION: BY DOROTHY TUKE PRIESTMAN

PRACTICAL books on the furnishing and decorating of dwellings are always welcome to housekeepers who have a genuine desire to make their homes charming, but who do not always know how to go about it. Miss Priestman, who has been brought up from childhood in an environment which gave her every opportunity to study this subject, has given us a particularly straightforward and helpful little book containing many suggestions and practical directions for the treatment of rooms, and showing what ought not to be done as well as the things that are admissible in a pleasant and restful room. The treatment of walls, the selection of furniture and floor coverings, color schemes, the arrangement of rooms, the treatment of woods and hangings, and the best ways to make the most of small spaces, are some of the subjects that are dealt with in a way that is both pleasant and useful. (Published by The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Illustrated. 198 pages. Price, \$1.00 net.)

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NATHAN BURKE: BY MARY S. WATTS

WE seem to be developing a school of American writers who turn for literary material to a part of the life of this country that hitherto has been left practically untouched by the novelist. We have had historical novels of the romantic Colonial and Revolutionary days; we have had novels of the Civil War, of cowboy life on the Western plains, of metropolitan life in the East, and village life in New England, but it is only lately that we are getting really notable novels of the Middle West in that raw and unpicturesque period that preceded the Civil War. The way was opened by Mr. William Allen White's delightful story "A Certain Rich Man," and now Mrs. Mary S. Watts follows with "Nathan Burke."

This book purports to be an autobiography written in the third person by *Nathan Burke* himself, and the impersonal tone which is thus given to his account of his own adventures is relieved now and again by an apparently inadvertent dropping into the first person when the story grows specially interesting, a device that is unusual and that adds much to the human interest of the tale. *Nathan Burke* is a typical Western American of the time of the Mexican War, and his story gives a vivid picture of the country as it was in those primitive days. The historical characters who are necessarily introduced are kept in the background, appearing only as they might naturally do in the recollections of a man who had fought as a young fellow in the war and who had casually encountered the notable politicians and warriors of that day. Beginning as a "chore-boy" in a Southern family that had moved to Ohio, *Nathan Burke* follows the usual course of an ambitious young chap in those days, clerking in a store, studying law in the evenings and finally gaining admission to the bar. He remains a lawyer to the end of his life, but in the meantime took an active part in the political strife of the day, and went through the Mexican War, coming out as a brigadier-general at the close.

The rugged, kindly common sense of *Burke* himself shows in every page, especially in his keen observation and characterization of the primitive pioneer folk around him. In strong contrast to these is the vividly typical Southern family with whom he took service as a boy. The head

of the house, *Mr. Ducey*, is one of those ornamental Southern gentlemen with flowery ideas and a lofty disregard of detail that becomes rather embarrassing when taken in connection with his fondness for spending money. *Mrs. Ducey* is a woman who could easily furnish material for a psychological novel of which she was the central figure, for she is one of those careless, self-satisfied, well-meaning women who, pursuing their own course through life without the remotest intention of harming anyone, make more mischief than could easily be done by an accomplished villain. She is a masterpiece of selfish, complacent irresponsibility, and works havoc in every direction. The only son, *George Ducey*, is exactly the sort of boy and man one would expect from such parents, and develops a character which unhappily is by no means rare even yet, but which does not perpetuate itself sufficiently to become a persistent type.

This book is one that requires leisurely reading, for it is long and filled with more or less discursive detail, but every page is interesting, and when the book is finished the reader feels as if he had been actually living in the early thirties. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 628 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

OSRU: BY JUSTIN STERNS

THE idea of the development of a soul through many incarnations, during which it grows by getting its just deserts for all the good and evil committed during the chain of earth lives, is the foundation for a story entitled "Osrú: A Tale of Many Incarnations." It purports to be a partial history of the soul of Nero, and each chapter deals with a succeeding incarnation in which the erstwhile emperor of the Romans pays in full the debt which he has incurred to humanity by his proceedings as a despot. To explain Nero in the first place, the opening chapter in the history of his soul shows him as an Egyptian paraschites who has just been compelled to make the eight incisions required by law in the body of Rameses the First, and who was stoned and finally killed by the multitude in consequence. Born into the most despised class in Egypt, the man's soul is a seething mass of hatred and lust for power. He has lived in fancy the life of a despot, making insects and small animals impersonate the human beings upon whom he longs to wreak some

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form of fiendish vengeance. The force of the desire controlling his next incarnation makes him the Emperor Nero, whose history all the world knows, and retribution comes to him later as a galley slave; a Hindu woman who is compelled to undergo *suttee*; a lifelong prisoner; an abused and maltreated woman of the streets, and a black slave who must bear children for her owner to sell "down the river," until at last, as an American soldier, he voluntarily sacrifices his life for the good of humanity by offering himself as one of the volunteers to undergo the experiments necessary to discover the germ of yellow fever.

The idea of the book is most interesting, and the fact that it is carried out in brief suggestive sketches, in which the story of each succeeding life is suggested in one characteristic scene, prevents it from being tedious. As a parable of the Eastern doctrine of reincarnation and karma, it offers to the average reader a better explanation of the workings of that philosophy than would be found in many a serious treatise devoted to the subject. (Published by The Lenox Publishing Company, New York. 197 pages. Price, \$1.25.)

CAVANAGH: FOREST RANGER: BY HAM-LIN GARLAND

IN his latest book Mr. Hamlin Garland has given us a picture of the modern West, and the theme he has chosen is the struggle between the forest ranger, who is giving his life and strength to the cause of conservation, and the lawless cattle owners, who resent furiously the restrictions put upon their freedom to rob the Government and the people as they choose. An introduction by Mr. Gifford Pinchot sets the stamp of official approval upon the book as an argument in favor of conservation, and the public has already expressed in no uncertain terms its approval of the story as a story.

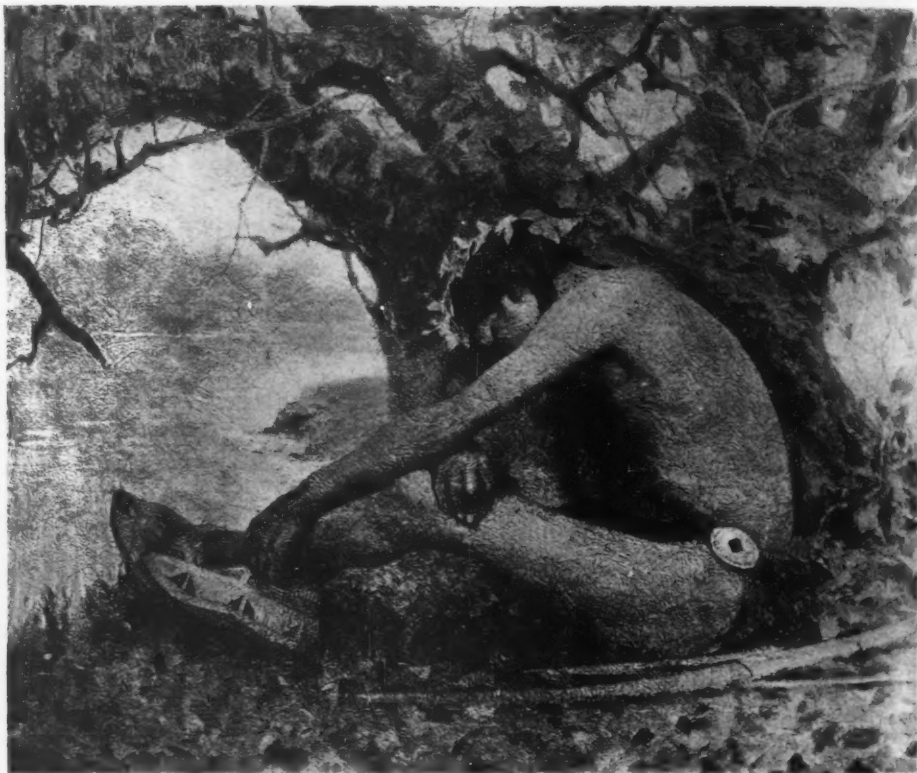
There is no attempt to deal with the dashing cowboy life of former days, but rather with the transition stage, when all the picturesqueness is gone and only the dregs of ruffianism remain. A charming love story runs through the book, the heroine being a girl who returns from a childhood and youth spent in the conservative Pennsylvania town where she has been educated, to her home in the West. The conditions that confront her are at first

appalling, but having a good deal of the constructive spirit of the West, she sets about the task of reorganizing her surroundings. It is uphill work, but she succeeds in a measure, and the story of her success blends with the story of *Cavanagh*, who is spending his life in an attempt to reorganize conditions on a scale which affects the whole country. (Published by Harper & Bros., New York. Illustrated. 300 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

THE UNDESIRABLE GOVERNESS: BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

WERE it not for the name on the title page, one could hardly believe "The Undesirable Governess" was the work of the late F. Marion Crawford. It is a sparkling, pleasant little story enough, but neither in plot nor in style is it at all like the books we are accustomed to see under this well-known name. It is a story of life in England, and the characters are lightly and charmingly sketched in. There is a prominent county family with a well-bred and rather sporty old father, an aristocratic and determined mother, three sons and two charming but most disturbing young daughters, who steal the hunters out of their stables for races in the paddock, cheerfully poach their father's game and fish, and spend their time in similar pranks. No governess has been able to stay with this pair of young pickles, for either they prove themselves beyond control or the governess proves too pretty to be left safely in the neighborhood of *Colonel Follett* and his three grown sons. So the aristocratic mother frankly advertises for an unattractive governess, and by the next train one arrives who fulfills all the requirements, for she has a red nose, a blotch on one cheek, and one shoulder higher than the other. Many amusing things happen before it transpires that this undesirable governess is an extremely pretty girl, cleverly made up for the part, because she is in secret the fiancée of the eldest son and wishes to get acquainted with the family without prejudice.

A couple of hours might be whiled away very pleasantly with this book, for it is not a bad story, but it has not a trace of the peculiar charm of Marion Crawford. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 227 pages. Price \$1.50.)



See Page 619.

"THE WEARY HUNTER": FROM A
PAINTING BY E. IRVING COUSE.